MASTER PIECES
OF THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE

EDITED BY
JEANNETTE L. GILDER

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GEORGE POPE MORRIS

George Pope Morris, an American journalist and poet, was born at Philadelphia in 1802; died in New York in 1864. He was one of the founders of the *New York Mirror*. Although he produced two successful plays, his fame rests on his poems and songs.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
  Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
  And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
  That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
  Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
  Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
  And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
  Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
  Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy,
  I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
  Here, too, my sisters played;
My mother kissed me here;
  My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
  And let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
  Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
  And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave;
  And, woodman, leave the spot!
While I've a hand to save,
  Thy axe shall harm it not.

A SOUTHERN REFRAIN

NEAR the lake where drooped the willow,
    Long time ago!
Where the rock threw back the billow,
    Brighter than snow,
Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherished
    By high and low;
But, with autumn's leaf she perished,
    Long time ago!

Rock and tree and flowing water,
    Long time ago!
Bee and bird and blossom taught her
    Love's spell to know!
While to my fond words she listened,
    Murmuring low,
Tenderly her dove eyes glistened,
    Long time ago!

Mingled were our hearts forever!
    Long time ago!
Can I now forget her? Never!
    No, lost one, no!
To her grave these tears are given,
    Ever to flow;
She's the star I missed from heaven,
    Long time ago!

WILLIAM MORRIS

William Morris, poet, artist and social reformer, was born at Walthamstow, England, in 1834; died in London, in 1896. He was educated at Oxford. In 1863 he established manufactory for decorative furnishings and stained glass. The workman of the Middle Ages was his ideal. The time when one man conceived the design and carried it out to the finishing touches, a work of art, though it was but for kitchen use. This idea occurs constantly in his writings. His most notable works are "The Earthly Paradise," "The Tale of the House of Wolfings" and "The Water of the Wonderous Isles." He also wrote a number of lectures, books and articles on socialism, and made some excellent translations.

ATALANTA'S RACE

(From "The Earthly Paradise")

UPON the shore of Argolis there stands
A temple to the goddess that he sought,
That, turned unto the lion-bearing lands,
Fenced from the east, of cold winds hath no thought,
Though to no homestead there the sheaves are brought,
No groaning press torments the close-clipped murk,
Lonely the fane stands, for from all men's work.

Pass through a close, set thick with myrtle-trees,
Through the brass doors that guard the holy place,
And entering, hear the washing of the seas
That twice a-day rise high above the base,
And with the south-west urging them, embrace
The marble feet of her that standeth there
That shrink not, naked though they be and fair.

Small is the fane through which the seawind sings
About Queen Venus' well-wrought image white,
But hung around are many precious things,
The gifts of those who, longing for delight,
Have hung them there within the goddess' sight,
And in return have taken at her hands
The living treasures of the Grecian lands.

And thither now has come Milanion,
And showed unto the priests' wide open eyes
Gifts fairer than all those that there have shone,
Silk cloths, inwrought with Indian fantasies,
And bowls inscribed with sayings of the wise
Above the deeds of foolish living things,
And mirrors fit to be the gifts of kings.

And now before the Sea-born One he stands,
By the sweet veiling smoke made dim and soft,
And while in incense trickles from his hands,
And while the odorous smoke-wreaths hang aloft,
Thus doth he pray to her: "O Thou, who oft
Hast holpen man and maid in their distress,
Despise me not for this my wretchedness!

"O goddess, among us who dwell below,
Kings and great men, great for a little while,
Have pity on the lowly heads that bow,
Nor hate the hearts that love them without guile;
Wilt thou be worse than these, and is thy smile
A vain device of him who set thee here,
An empty dream of some artificer?

"O, great one, some men love, and are ashamed;
Some men are weary of the bonds of love;
Yea, and by some men lightly art thou blamed,
That from thy toils their lives they cannot move,
And 'mid the ranks of men their manhood prove,
Alas! O goddess, if thou slayest me
What new immortal can I serve but thee?

"Think then, will it bring honor to thy head
If folk say, 'Everything aside he cast
And to all fame and honor was he dead,
And to his one hope now is dead at last,
Since all unholpen he is gone and past:
Ah, the gods love not man, for certainly,
He to his helper did not cease to cry.'

"Nay, but thou wilt help; they who died before
Not single-hearted as I deem came here,
Therefore unthanked they laid their gifts before
Thy stainless feet, still shivering with their fear,
Lest in their eyes their true thought might appear.
Who sought to be the lords of that fair town,
Dreaded of men and winners of renown.

"O Queen, thou knowest I pray not for this:
O set us down together in some place
Where not a voice can break our heaven of bliss,
Where naught but rocks and I can see her face,
Softening beneath the marvel of thy grace,
Where not a foot our vanished steps can track—
The golden age, the golden age come back!

"O fairest, hear me now who do thy will,
Plead for thy rebel that she be not slain,
But live and love and be thy servant still;
Ah, give her joy and take away my pain,
And thus two long-enduring servants gain.
An easy thing this is to do for me,
What need of my vain words to weary thee!

"But none the less, this place will I not leave
Until I needs must go my death to meet,
Or at thy hands some happy sign receive
That in great joy we twain may one day greet
Thy presence here and kiss thy silver feet,
Such as we deem thee, fair beyond all words,
Victorious o'er our servants and our lords."

Then from the altar back a space he drew,
But from the Queen turned not his face away,
But 'gainst a pillar leaned, until the blue
That arched the sky, at ending of the day,
Was turned to ruddy gold and changing gray,
And clear, but low, the nigh-ebbed windless sea
In the still evening murmured ceaselessly.

And there he stood when all the sun was down,
Nor had he moved, when the dim golden light,
Like the far luster of a godlike town,
Had left the world to seeming hopeless night,
Nor would he move the more when wan moonlight
Streamed through the pillars for a little while,
And lighted up the white Queen's changeless smile.

Naught noted he the shallow of flowing sea
As step by step it set the wrack a-swim,
The yellow torchlight nothing noted he
Wherein with fluttering gown and half-bared limb
The temple damsels sung their midnight hymn,
And naught the doubled stillness of the fane
When they were gone and all was hushed again.

But when the waves had touched the marble base,
And steps the fish swim over twice a-day,
The dawn beheld him sunken in his place
Upon the floor; and sleeping there he lay,
Not heeding aught the little jets of spray
The roughened sea brought nigh, across him cast,
For as one dead all thought from him had passed.

Yet long before the sun had showed his head,
Long ere the varied hangings one the wall
Had gained once more their blue and green and red,
He rose as one some well-known sign doth call
When war upon the city's gates doth fall,
And scarce like one fresh risen out of sleep,
He 'gan again his broken watch to keep.

Then he turned round; not for the sea-gull's cry
That wheeled above the temple in his flight,
Not for the fresh south wind that lovingly
Breathed on the new-born day and dying night,
But some strange hope 'twixt fear and great delight
Drew round his face, now flushed, now pale and
wan,
And still constrained his eyes the sea to scan.

Now a faint light lit up the southern sky,
Not sun or moon, for all the world was gray,
But this a bright cloud seemed, that drew anigh,
Lighting the dull waves that beneath it lay
As toward the temple still it took its way,
And still grew greater, till Milanion
Saw naught for dazzling light that round him shone.

But as he staggered with his arms outspread,
Delicious unnamed odors breathed around,
For languid happiness he bowed his head,
And with wet eyes sank down upon the ground,
Nor wished for aught, nor any dream he found
To give him reason for that happiness,
Or make him ask more knowledge of his bliss.

At last his eyes were cleared, and he could see
Through happy tears the goddess face to face
With that faint image of Divinity,
Whose well-wrought smile and dainty changeless
grace
Until that morn so gladdened all the place;
Then he, unwitting, cried aloud her name
And covered up his eyes for fear and shame.

But through the stillness he her voice could hear
Piercing his heart with joy scarce bearable,
That said, "Milanion, wherefore dost thou fear?

I am not hard to those who love me well;
List to what I a second time will tell,
And thou mayest hear perchance, and live to save
The cruel maiden from a loveless grave.

"See, by my feet three golden apples lie—
Such fruit among the heavy roses falls,
Such fruit my watchful damsels carefully
Store up within the best loved of my walls,
Ancient Damascus, where the lover calls
Above my unseen head, and faint and light
The rose-leaves flutter round me in the night.

"And note, that these are not alone most fair
With heavenly gold, but longing strange they bring
Unto the hearts of men, who will not care,
Beholding these, for any once-loved thing
Till round the shining sides their fingers cling.
And thou shalt see thy well-girt swiftfoot maid
By sight of these amid her glory stayed.

"For bearing these within a scrip with thee,
When first she heads thee from the starting-place
Cast down the first one for her eyes to see,
And when she turns aside make on apace,
And if again she heads thee in the race
Spare not the other two to cast aside
If she not long enough behind will bide.

"Farewell, and when has come the happy time
That she Diana's raiment must unbind
And all the world seems blessed with Saturn's clime
And thou with eager arms about her twined
Beholdest first her gray eyes growing kind,
Surely, O trembler, thou shalt scarcely then
Forget the Helper of unhappy men."

Milanion raised his head at this last word,
For now so soft and kind she seemed to be
No longer of her Godhead was he feared;
Too late he looked, for nothing could he see
But the white image glimmering doubtfully
In the departing twilight cold and gray,
And those three apples on the steps that lay.

These then he caught up quivering with delight,
Yet fearful lest it all might be a dream,
And though aweary with the watchful night,
And sleepless nights of longing, still did deem
He could not sleep; but yet the first sunbeam
That smote the fane across the heaving deep
Shone on him laid in calm untroubled sleep.

But little ere the noontide did he rise,
And why he felt so happy scarce could tell
Until the gleaming apples met his eyes.
Then leaving the fair place where this befell
Oft he looked back as one who lovèd it well,
Then homeward to the haunts of men 'gan wend
To bring all things unto a happy end.

Now has the lingering month at last gone by,
Again are all folk round the running place,
Nor other seems the dismal pageantry
Than heretofore, but that another face
Looks o'er the smooth course ready for the race,
For now, beheld of all, Milanion
Stands on the spot he twice has looked upon.

But yet—what change is this that holds the maid?
Does she indeed see in his glittering eye
More than disdain of the sharp shearing blade,
Some happy hope of help and victory?
The others seemed to say, "We come to die,
Look down upon us for a little while,
That dead, we may bethink us of thy smile."

But he—what look of mastery was this
He cast on her? why were his lips so red?
Why was his face so flushed with happiness?
So looks not one who deems himself but dead,
E'en if to death he bows a willing head;
So rather looks a god well pleased to find
Some earthly damsel fashioned to his mind.

Why must she drop her lids before his gaze,
And even as she casts adown her eyes
Redden to note his eager glance of praise,
And wish that she were clad in other guise?
Why must the memory to her heart arise
Of things unnoticed when they first were heard,
Some lover's song, some answering maiden's word?

What makes these longings, vague, without a name,
And this vain pity never felt before,
This sudden languor, this contempt of fame,
This tender sorrow for the time past o'er,
These doubts that grow each minute more and more?
Why does she tremble as the time grows near,
And weak defeat and woful victory fear?

But while she seemed to hear her beating heart,
Above their heads the trumpet blast rang out
And forth they sprang; and she must play her part.
Then flew her white feet, knowing not a doubt,
Though slackening once, she turned her head about,
But then she cried aloud and faster fled
Than e'er before, and all men deemed him dead.

But with no sound he raised aloft his hand,
And thence what seemed a ray of light there flew
And past the maid rolled on along the sand;
Then trembling she her feet together drew
And in her heart a strong desire there grew
To have the toy; some god she thought had given
That gift to her, to make of earth a heaven.

Then from the course with eager steps she ran,
And in her odorous bosom laid in gold.
But when she turned again, the great-limbed man
Now well ahead she failed not to behold,
And mindful of her glory waxing cold,
Sprang up and followed him in hot pursuit,
Though with one hand she touched the golden fruit.

Note too, the bow that she was wont to bear
She laid aside to grasp the glittering prize,
And o'er her shoulder from the quiver fair
Three arrows fell and lay before her eyes
Unnoticed, as amidst the people's cries
She sprang to head the strong Milanion,
Who now the turning-post had well-nigh won.

But as he set his mighty hand on it
White fingers underneath his own were laid,
And white limbs from his dazzled eyes did flit,
Then he the second fruit cast by the maid,
But she ran on awhile, then as afraid
Wavered and stopped, and turned and made no stay,
Until the globe with its bright fellow lay.

Then, as a troubled glance she cast around,
Now far ahead the Argive could she see,
And in her garment's hem one hand she wound
To keep the double prize, and strenuously
Sped o'er the course, and little doubt had she
To win the day, though now but scanty space
Was left betwixt him and the winning place.

Short was the way unto such winged feet,
Quickly she gained upon him till at last
He turned about her eager eyes to meet
And from his hand the third fair apple cast.
She wavered not, but turned and ran so fast
After the prize that should her bliss fulfill,
That in her hand it lay ere it was still.

Nor did she rest, but turned about to win
Once more, an unblest woful victory—
And yet—and yet—why does her breath begin
To fail her, and her feet drag heavily?
Why fails she now to see if far or nigh
The goal is? why do her gray eyes grow dim?
Why do these tremors run through every limb?

She spreads her arms abroad some stay to find
Else must she fall, indeed, and findeth this,
A strong man's arms about her body twined.
Nor may she shudder now to fell his kiss,
So wrapped she is in new unbroken bliss:
Made happy that the foe the prize hath won,
She weeps glad tears for all her glory done.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

John Lothrop Motley, born in Dorchester, Mass., in 1814; died in 1877. He was graduated from Harvard, and then spent some time at German universities. He studied law, but soon forsook the practice of his profession for literature. He attempted fiction, and published "Morton's Hope" and "Merry Mount," which are virtually unread now. His pen turned to history, and Motley's name has an enviable place among historians. His three great works, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," "The History of the United Netherlands" and "The Life of John of Barneveld" stand as monuments of painstaking investigation and distinguished style.

ASSASSINATION OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE

(From "Rise of the Dutch Republic")

On Tuesday, the 10th of July, 1584, at about half-past twelve, the Prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, was going to the dining-room. William the Silent was dressed upon that day, according to his usual custom, in a very plain fashion. He wore a wide-leaved hat of dark felt, with a silken cord around the crown, such as had been worn by the "Beggars" in the early days of the revolt. A high ruff encircled his neck, from which also depended one of the Beggars' medals with the motto, "*Fidèle jusqu' à la besace;*" while a loose surcoat of gray frieze cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide-slashed underclothes, completed his costume. Gérard presented himself at the doorway, and demanded a passport, which the Prince directed his secretary to make out for him. . . .

At two o'clock the company rose from the table. The Prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments above. The dining-room, which was on the ground floor, opened into a little square vestibule which communicated through an arched passage-way with the main entrance into the courtyard. The vestibule was also directly at the foot of the wooden staircase leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width. Upon its left side, as one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch sunk deep in the wall, and completely in shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were completely lighted by a large window half way up the flight.

The Prince came from the dining-room and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and, standing within a foot or two of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence upon the wall beyond. The Prince exclaimed in French, as he felt the wound: "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!" These were the last words he ever spake, save that when his sister immediately afterward asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, he faintly answered, "Yes." His master-of-horse had caught him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired. The Prince was then placed on the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterward laid upon a couch in the dining-room, where in a few minutes he breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister.

THE ARMADA DESTROYED

(From "The History of the United Netherlands")

THE battle lasted six hours long, hot and furious; for now there was no excuse for retreat on the part of the Spaniards, but on the contrary, it was the intention of the Captain-general to return to his station off Calais, if it were within his power. Nevertheless, the English still partially maintained the tactics which had proved so successful, and resolutely repulsed fierce attempts of the Spaniards to lay themselves alongside. Keeping within musket-range, the well-disciplined English mariners poured broadside after broadside against the towering ships of the Armada which afforded so easy a mark; while the Spaniards on their part found it impossible, while wasting incredible quantities of powder and shot, to inflict any severe damage on their enemies. Throughout the action, not an English ship was destroyed, and not a hundred men were killed. On the other hand, all the best ships of the Spaniards were riddled through and through; and with masts and yards shattered, sails and rigging torn to shreds, and a northwest wind still drifting them towards the fatal sandbanks of Holland, they labored heavily in a chopping sea, firing wildly, and receiving tremendous punishment at the hands of Howard, Drake, Seymour, Winter, and their followers. Not even master-gunner Thomas could complain that day of "blind exercise" on the part of the English, with "little harm done" to the enemy. There was scarcely a ship in the Armada that did not suffer severely; for nearly all were engaged in that memorable action off the sands of Gravelines. The captain-general himself, Admiral Recalde, Alonzo de Leyva, Oquendo, Diego Flores de Valdez, Bertendona, Don Francisco de Toledo, Don Diego de Pimentel, Telles

Enriquez, Alonzo de Luzon, Garibay, with most of the great galleons and galeasses; were in the thickest of the fight; and one after the other each of these huge ships were disabled. Three sank before the fight was over; many other were soon drifting helpless wrecks towards a hostile shore; and before five o'clock in the afternoon, at least sixteen of their best ships had been sacrificed, and from four to five thousand soldiers killed.

Nearly all the largest vessels of the Armada, therefore, having been disabled or damaged,—according to a Spanish eye-witness,—and all their small shot exhausted, Medina Sidonia reluctantly gave orders to retreat. The captain-general was a bad sailor; but he was a chivalrous Spaniard of ancient Gothic blood, and he felt deep mortification at the plight of his invincible fleet, together with undisguised resentment against Alexander Farnese, through whose treachery and incapacity he considered the great Catholic cause to have been so foully sacrificed. Crippled, maltreated, and diminished in number as were his ships, he would have still faced the enemy, but the winds and currents were fast driving him on a lee-shore; and the pilots, one and all, assured him that it would be inevitable destruction to remain. After a slight and very ineffectual attempt to rescue Don Diego de Pimental in the St. Matthew—who refused to leave his disabled ship—and Don Francisco de Toledo, whose great galleon the St. Philip was fast driving, a helpless wreck, towards Zealand, the Armada bore away N.N.E. into the open sea, leaving those who could not follow, to their fate. . . .

But Howard decided to wrestle no further pull. Having followed the Spaniards till Friday, 12th of August, as far as the latitude of 56° 17′, the Lord Admiral called a council. It was then decided, in order to save English lives and ships, to put into the

Firth or Forth for water and provisions, leaving two "pinnaces to dog the fleet until it should be past the Isles of Scotland." But the next day, as the wind shifted to the northwest, another council decided to take advantage of the change, and bear away for the North Foreland, in order to obtain a supply of powder, shot, and provisions.

Up to this period the weather, though occasionally threatening, had been moderate. During the week which succeeded the eventful night off Calais, neither the Armada nor the English ships had been much impeded in their maneuvers by storms or heavy seas. But on the following Sunday, 14th of August, there was a change. The wind shifted again to the southwest; and during the whole of that day and the Monday, blew a tremendous gale. "'Twas a more violent storm," said Howard, "than was ever seen before at this time of the year." The retreating English fleet was scattered, many ships were in peril "among the ill-favored sands off Norfolk," but within four or five days all arrived safely in Margate roads.

Far different was the fate of the Spaniards. Over their Invincible Armada, last seen by the departing English midway between the coasts of Scotland and Denmark, the blackness of night seemed suddenly to descend. A mystery hung for a long time over their fate. Damaged, leaking, without pilots, without a competent commander, the great fleet entered that furious storm, and was whirled along the iron crags of Norway, and between the savage rocks of Faröe and the Hebrides. In those regions of tempest the insulted North wreaked its full vengeance on the insolent Spaniards. Disaster after disaster marked their perilous track, gale after gale swept them hither and thither, tossing them on sandbanks or shattering them against granite cliffs. The coasts of Norway, Scotland, Ireland, were strewn with the wrecks of that pompous fleet which claimed the dominion of the seas; with the bones of those invincible legions which were to have sacked London and made England a Spanish viceroyalty.

Through the remainder of the month of August there was a succession of storms. On the 2d of September a fierce southwester drove Admiral Oquendo in his galleon, together with one of the great galeasses, two large Venetian ships (the Ratta and the Balauzara), and thirty-six other vessels, upon the Irish coast, where nearly every soul on board perished; while the few who escaped to the shore—notwithstanding their religious affinity with the inhabitants—were either butchered in cold blood, or sent coupled in halters from village to village, in order to be shipped to England. A few ships were driven on the English coast; others went ashore near Rochelle.

Of the four galeasses and four galleys, one of each returned to Spain. Of the ninety-one great galleons and hulks, fifty-eight were lost and thirty-three returned. Of the tenders and zabras, seventeen were lost and eighteen returned. Of one hundred and thirty-four vessels which sailed from Coruna in July, but fifty-three, great and small, made their escape to Spain; and these were so damaged as to be utterly worthless. The Invincible Armada had not only been vanquished but annihilated.

Of the thirty thousand men who sailed in the fleet, it is probable that not more than ten thousand ever saw their native land again. Most of the leaders of the expedition lost their lives. Medina Sidonia reached Santander in October, and as Philip for a moment believed, "with the greater part of the Armada," although the King soon discovered his mistake. Recalde, Diego Flores de Valdez, Oquendo, Maldonado, Bobadilla, Manriquez, either perished at sea, or died of exhaustion immediately after their return. Pedro de Valdez, Vasco de Silva, Alonzo de Sayas, Pimental, Toledo, with many other nobles, were prisoners in England and Holland. There was hardly a distingished family in Spain not placed in mourning; so that, to relieve the universal gloom, an edict was published forbidding the wearing of mourning at all. On the other hand, a merchant of Lisbon, not yet reconciled to the Spanish conquest of his country, permitted himself some tokens of hilarity at the defeat of the Armada, and was immediately hanged by express command of Philip. Thus —as men said—one could neither cry nor laugh within the Spanish dominions.

This was the result of the invasion, so many years preparing, and at an expense almost incalculable. In the year 1588 alone, the cost of Philip's armaments for the subjugation of England could not have been less than six million ducats; and there was at least as large a sum on board the Armada itself, although the Pope refused to pay his promised million. And with all this outlay, and with the sacrifice of so many thousand lives, nothing had been accomplished; and Spain, in a moment, instead of seeming terrible to all the world, had become ridiculous.

THE EXECUTION OF BARNEVELD

(From "Life of John of Barneveld")

IT was not to a merry-making that the soldiers were marching and counter-marching, and the citizens thronging so eagerly from every street and alley toward the old castle at The Hague, on the morning of May 13, 1619. By four o'clock the Outer and Inner Courts had been lined with detachments of the guards of Prince Maurice of Orange, Stadtholder of the United Dutch Provinces and companies of other regiments, to the number of 1,200 men.

In front of the lower window, with its Gothic archway hastily converted into a door, a shapeless platform of rough unhewn planks had that night been rudely patched together. This was the scaffold. A slight railing around it served to protect it from the crowd, and a heap of sand had been thrown upon it. A squalid, unclean box of unplaned boards lay on the scaffold; it had been made some time before as the coffin of a Frenchman, who had been convicted of murder, but had been pardoned at the last moment. Upon this coffin sat two common soldiers of ruffianly aspect, playing at dice, and betting whether the Lord or the Devil would get the soul of Barneveld. Many a foul and ribald jest at the expense of the prisoner was exchanged between these gamblers and a few townsmen who were grouped about at that early hour.

The great mass of spectators had forced their way by daybreak into the Hall itself, to hear the sentence, so that the Inner Court-yard had remained comparatively empty. At last, at half-past nine o'clock, a shout arose. "There he comes!" and the populace flowed out from the Hall of Judgment into the Court-yard like a tidal wave. In an instant the Inner Court was filled with more than three thousand spectators.

The old statesman, leaning upon his staff, walked out upon the scaffold, and calmly surveyed the scene. Lifting his eyes to heaven, he was heard to murmur, "O God! what does man come to at last!" Then he said bitterly once more, "This, then, is the reward of forty years' service done to the State!"

La Motte, who attended him, said, fervently: "It is no longer time to think of this. Let us prepare your coming before God."

"Is there no cushion or stool to kneel upon?" said Barneveld, looking around him.

The Provost said he would send for one: but the old man knelt at once. His servant, who waited upon him as composedly as if he had been serving him at dinner, held him by the arm. It was remarked that neither master nor man shed a single tear on the scaffold.

La Motte prayed for a quarter of an hour, Barneveld remaining upon his knees. He then rose, and said to John Franken: "See that he does not come near me," pointing to the executioner, who stood in the background, grasping his long, double-handled sword. Barneveld then rapidly unbuttoned his doublet with his own hands, and the valet helped him off with it. "Make haste; make haste!" said his master.

The statesman then came forward, and said, in a loud, firm voice, to the people, "Men, do not believe that I am a traitor to the country. I have ever acted uprightly and loyally; and as such I shall die." The crowd was perfectly silent. He then took his cap from John Franken, drew it over his eyes, and went toward the sand, saying, "Christ be my guide! O Lord, my heavenly Father, receive my spirit!"

As he was about to kneel with his face to the south, the Provost said, "My lord will be pleased to move to the other side, not where the sun is in his face." He knelt accordingly with his face toward his own house. The servant took farewell of him, and Barneveld said to the executioner, "Be quick about it. Be quick." The executioner then struck off his head at a single blow.

ALFRED DE MUSSET

Louis Charles Alfred de Musset, famous French poet, born at Paris, in 1810; died there in 1857. While still in school he determined to lead a literary life. His first book "Stories of Spain and Italy" was an instant success. "André del Sarto" and "La Spectacle dans un Fautenil" followed. Among the best of his later poems were "The Night of August," "The Night of October" and "The Night of December." He also wrote a number of plays that are still produced on the French stage, and his fame in his own country rests on them to a great degree.

A FANTASY

(From "Story of a White Blackbird." Copyright by Brentanos. Translated by E. P. Robins)

IT took me only six weeks to bring out my first work. It was, as I had determined it should be, a poem in forty-eight cantos. It is true that there were some passages that showed marks of hasty composition, but that was owing to the prodigious rapidity with which it had been written, and I thought that the public, accustomed as it is to the fine writing that it finds in the feuilletons of the newspapers nowadays, would overlook such a trifling defect.

My success was such as accorded with my merit, that is to say, it was unparalleled. The subject of my work was nothing other than myself; in that I conformed to the ruling fashion of our time. The egotistic unreserve with which I told the story of my late sufferings was charming; I let the reader into the secret of a thousand domestic details of most absorbing interest; the description of my mother's porringer alone filled no less than fourteen cantos. The description was perfect; I enumerated every dent, chink, and cranny, every spot and stain, the places where it had been mended and its varying appearances under different lights; I exhibited it inside and out, top, sides, and bottom, curves and plain surfaces; then, passing to what was within, I made a minute study of the blades of grass, sticks, straws, and bits of wood, the gravel-stones and drops of water, the remains of dead flies and broken cockchafers' legs that were there; the description was simply charming. Do not think, however, that I sent it to the press as an unbroken whole; there are readers who would have known no better than to skip it. I cunningly cut it up into fragments which I interspersed among the episodes of the story in such a way that no part of it was lost, so that, at the most thrilling and dramatic moments, one suddenly came to fifteen pages of porringer. Therein, I think, lies one of the great secrets of our art, and as there is nothing mean about me, let anyone who is inclined to do so profit by it.

All Europe was in a commotion upon the appearance of my book; it greedily devoured the details of private life that I condescended to reveal to it. How could it have been otherwise? Not only had I enumerated every circumstance that had the slightest bearing on my personality, but I gave to the public in addition a finished picture of all the idle reveries that had passed through my head since the time when I was two months old; nay, I even inserted at the most interesting part an ode composed by me when in the shell. It may be supposed that I did not fail to allude cursorily to the great theme that is now occupying the attention of the world; to wit, the future of humanity. This problem had seemed to me to have something of interest in it, and in one of my leisure moments I had roughly drafted a solution of it, which seemed to give general satisfaction.

There was not a day that I failed to receive complimentary verses, congratulatory letters, and anonymous declarations of love. As to callers, I adhered unflinchingly to the resolution that I had formed for my protection: my door was rigorously barred against all the world. Still, I could not help receiving two foreigners who had announced themselves as relatives of mine; they were blackbirds both, one from Senegal, the other from China.

"Ah! sir," said they, with an embrace that nearly drove the breath out of my body, "what a great blackbird you are! How well have you depicted in your immortal lay the pangs of unrecognized genius! If we were not already as uncomprehended as possible, we should become so after having read you. How we sympathize with you in your sorrow, in your sublime scorn for the vulgar! We, too, dear sir, have reason to know something, of our own knowledge, of the secret griefs that you have sung so well. Here are two sonnets that we composed while coming hither and that we beg you will accept."

"Here also is some music," added the Chinese, "that my wife composed on a passage in your preface. It is marvelous in its illustration of the meaning of the author."

"Gentlemen," I said to them, "so far as I can judge, you appear to me to be endowed with great depth of feeling and great brilliancy of intellect; but pardon me for asking you a question. Why are you so sad?"

"Eh, monsieur!" replied the traveler from Senegal, "just look at me and see how I am constructed. My plumage is pleasing to the eye, it is true, and I am dressed in that beautiful shade of green that shines so lustrously on the neck of the duck, but my beak is too small and my foot is too big, and just look at the ridiculous tail that I am tricked out with! It is a great deal longer than my whole body. Is it not enough to tempt one to use profane language?"

"And look at me, too," said the Chinaman; "my pitiable state is even worse than his. My *confrère* sweeps the streets with his tail, but at me the little street urchins point their fingers because I have no tail at all."

"Gentlemen," I rejoined, "I pity you from the bottom of my heart; it is always inconvenient to have too much or too little of anything, be it what it may. Allow me to suggest to you, however, that there are several persons very like you in the Jardin des Plantes, where they have been living very quietly for some time past, in a stuffed condition. Even as it does not suffice a woman of letters to cast her modesty to the winds in order to write a good book, so no blackbird can command genius merely by manifesting discontent. I am the only one of my kind, and I am sorry for it; I may be wrong, but I can't help it. I am white, gentlemen; do you become white, too, and then we'll see what you have to say."

Notwithstanding all my resolutions and my affected calmness, I was not happy. My isolation seemed none the less hard to bear for being glorious, and I could never think without a shudder of the cheerless prospect that lay before me of living all my life unmated. The return of spring, in particular, brought with it a mortal feeling of disquietude, and I was beginning to fall back into my old morbid state of mind, when an unforeseen circumstance occurred that shaped my future for me.

It is unnecessary here to state that my writings had crossed the Channel, and that the English were quarreling among themselves for copies. The English quarrel over everything except that which is comprehensible to them. One day I received a letter from London, from a young hen-blackbird.

"I have read your poem," she said, "and the admiration that it inspired in me has induced me to make you the offer of my hand and person. God made us for each other! I am like you; I am a white blackbird!"

My surprise and delight may be readily imagined. "A white hen-blackbird!" I said to myself; "can it be possible? So, then, I am no longer alone upon the earth!" I made haste to answer the fair unknown, and I did it in such a strain as showed how acceptable her proposition was to me. I urged her to come to Paris, or else permit me to fly to her. She responded that she preferred to come to me, because her parents were plaguing her to death, that she was putting her affairs in order, and would be with me almost immediately.

She arrived, in fact, a few days after her letter. Oh, joy! she was the prettiest little blackbird in the world, and was even whiter than I was.

"Ah! mademoiselle," I cried, "or madame, rather, for from this moment I look upon you as my lawful wedded wife, is it possible that so charming a creature can have been a dweller upon earth and the tongue of fame have never told me of her existence? Blessed be the ills that I have endured and the peckings that my father gave me with his beak, since kind Heaven has had in store for me a compensation so unhoped-for! Until this day, I believed myself condemned to eternal solitude, and to speak you frankly, the burden was a heavy one to bear, but now that I look on you, I feel within me all the qualities requisite for a good father and husband. Let us not delay; accept my hand; we will be married in English style, without ceremony, and start at once for Switzerland."

"I don't look at the matter in that light," replied the young lady blackbird. "I mean that our espousals shall be celebrated in magnificent style and that all the blackbirds in France that have a drop of good blood in their veins shall be present in solemn conclave. People of our quality owe it to their station not to marry like a couple of cats in a coal-hole. I have a store of banknotes with me; get out your invitations, go to your tradesmen, and see that you don't skimp the refreshments."

I followed implicitly the instructions of my white Merlette. Our wedding-feast was on a scale of unparalleled luxury; ten thousand flies were consumed at it. We received the nuptial benediction at the hands of a reverend Cormorant father, who was archbishop *in partibus.* The day was brought to an end by a splendid ball; in a word, there was nothing wanting to complete my felicity.

My love for my charming wife increased as I became better acquainted with her character and disposition; in her small person all accomplishments of mind and body were united. The only blemish was that she was a little prudish in her notions, but I attributed that to the influence of the English fog in which she had been living until then, and I doubted not but that this small cloud would quickly melt away in the genial atmosphere of France.

A matter that was cause to me of more serious uneasiness was a sort of mystery in which she would at times enshroud herself with strange inflexibility, shutting herself away under lock and key with her maids, and thus passing, *as she pretended,* whole hours in making her toilet. Husbands are not generally inclined to look with favor upon whims of this description in their family. Twenty times it had happened that I had gone to my wife's apartment and knocked and she had not opened the door. It tried my patience cruelly. One day, however, I was so persistent and in such a horribly bad temper that she was obliged to yield and unlock the door rather hastily, at the same time reproaching me for my importunity. As I entered my eyes alighted on a great bottle filled with a kind of paste made of flour and Spanish white. I asked my wife what use she put that ointment to. She replied that it was a lenitive for frost-bites that she was troubled with.

It struck me at the time that there was something more about that lenitive than she chose to tell, but how could I distrust such a sweet, well-behaved creature, who had bestowed her hand on me with such gladness and perfect candor? I had been ignorant at first that my wife was a literary character, but she admitted it after a while, and even went so far as to show me the manuscript of a novel for which she had taken Walter Scott and Scarron as her models. It may be imagined how pleased I was by such an agreeable surprise. Not only did I behold myself possessed of a beauty beyond compare, but I was now also fully assured that my companion's intellect was in all respects worthy of my genius. From that time forth we worked together. While I was composing my poems she would bescribble reams of paper. I used to read my poetry aloud to her, and that did not in the least disturb her or prevent her from going on with her writing. She hatched out her romances with a facility that was almost equal to my own, always selecting the most dramatic subjects, such as parricides, rapes, murders, and even small rascalities, and always taking pains to give the government a slap when she could and inculcate the emancipation of female blackbirds. In a word, there was no obstacle of sufficient magnitude to daunt her intelligence, and she allowed no scruples of modesty to keep her from saying a brilliant thing; she never erased a line and never sat down to her work with a plot arranged beforehand. She was the perfect type of feminine literary blackbird.

She was working away one day with rather more than her usual industry, when I noticed that she was perspiring violently, and at the same time I was surprised to see that she had a great black spot right in the middle of her back.

"Good gracious!" I said, "what ails you? Are you ill?"

She seemed a little frightened at first, and I even thought that there was a guilty expression on her face, but her habit of familiarity with the world quickly enabled her to regain the wonderful control that she always exercised over herself.

"Is my wife losing her color?" I asked myself in a frightened whisper. The thought haunted me and would not let me sleep. The bottle of paste arose before my memory. "Oh, heavens!" I exclaimed, "what a suspicion! Can it be that this celestial creature is nothing more than a painting, a thin coat of whitewash! Can she have made use of such a trick to deceive me! When I thought that I was pressing to my heart the twin-sister of my soul, the privileged being created for my behoof alone, can it be that I was holding in my embrace but so much flour?"

Haunted by this horrible suspicion, I devised a plan to relieve myself of it. I purchased a barometer and eagerly awaited the advent of a rainy day. My idea was to select a Sunday when the mercury was falling, take my wife to the country, and see what effect a good washing would have on her. We were in mid July, however, and the weather remained disgustingly fair.

My apparent happiness and my constant habit of writing had wrought my sensibilities up to a very high pitch. While at work it sometimes happened to me, artless being that I was, that my feeling over-mastered my reason, and then I would abandon myself to the luxury of tears while waiting for a rhyme to come to me. These infrequent occasions were a source of much pleasure to my wife; masculine weakness is a spectacle that always affords pleasure to feminine pride. One night when I was busy filing and polishing, in obedience to Boileau's precept, the flood-gates of my heart were opened.

"O thou!" said I to my dear Merlette, "the only and most fondly loved one! thou, without whom my life is but an empty dream, thou, in whose look, whose smile, the universe is as another world, life of my heart, knowest thou how I love thee? It were easy for me, with a little study and application, to express in verse the hackneyed ideas that have already been employed by other poets, but where shall I find the glowing words in which to tell thee all that thy beauty inspires within my heart? Can the memory even of the suffering that is past supply me with language fitly to portray to thee the bliss that is present? Before thou camest to me my lonely state was that of a homeless orphan; to-day, it is that of a king. Knowest thou, my beautiful one, that in this weak frame whose form I bear until it shall be stricken down in death, in this poor, throbbing brain where fruitless ideas are ceaselessly fermenting, knowest thou, dost understand, my angel, that there is not one atom, not one thought that is not wholly thine? List to what my intelligence can say to thee and feel how infinitely greater is my love. Oh! that my genius were a pearl and thou wert Cleopatra!"

While doting in this manner I was shedding tears over my wife, and her color was fading visibly. At every tear that fell from my eyes a feather became, not black, indeed, but of a dirty, rusty hue (I believe that she had been playing the same trick before somewhere else). After thus indulging my tenderness for a few minutes I found myself in presence of an unfloured, unpasted bird, in every respect exactly similar to a common, everyday blackbird.

What could I do? What could I say? What course was left open to me? Reproaches would have been futile. I might, indeed, have considered the marriage as void on the ground of false representations and secured its annulment, but how could I endure to make my shame public? Was not my misfortune great enough as it was? I took my courage in my two claws, I resolved to quit the world, to abandon the literary career, to fly to a desert, could I find one, where never again might I behold living creature, and, like Alcestis, seek

> some lonely spot
> Where leave is granted blackbirds to be white.

Thereupon I flew away, still dissolved in tears, and the wind, which is to birds what chance is to men, landed me on a branch in Morfontaine wood. At that hour every one was a-bed. "What a marriage!" I said to myself, "what a catastrophe! That poor child certainly meant well in getting herself up in white, but for all that I am none the less to be pitied, and she is none the less mangy."

The nightingale was singing still. Alone in the silence of the night he was recreating himself with that gift of the Almighty that renders him so superior to the poet, and was pouring out, unhindered, his secrets upon the surrounding stillness. I could not resist the temptation of drawing near and speaking to him.

"What a lucky bird you are!" said I. "Not only can you sing as much as you wish—and very well you do it, too, and every one is pleased to listen to you—but you have a wife and children, your nest, your friends, a comfortable pillow of moss, the full moon, and never a newspaper to criticize you.

Rubini and Rossini are nothing compared to you; you are the equal of the one and you interpret the other. I, too, sir, have been a singer, and my case is pitiable. While you have been here in the forest I have been marshaling words like Prussian soldiers in array of battle and dovetailing insipidities. May one know your secret?"

"Yes," replied the nightingale, "but it is not what you think. My wife is tiresome; I do not love her. I am in love with the rose: Saadi, the Persian, has mentioned the circumstance. All night long for her sake do I strain my throat in singing, but she sleeps and hears me not. Her petals are closed now and she has an old scarabee sheltered there——and to-morrow morning, when I seek my bed, worn out with fatigue and suffering, then, then she will open them to receive a bee who is consuming her heart!"

OVID

Ovid (Publius Ovidius Naso), a Roman poet, born at Sulmo, Italy, in 43 B.C.; died near the mouth of the Danube, in 18 A.D. He studied law at Rome, later literature at Athens, and traveled extensively. His most famous poem is "The Metamorphoses." Seven other works of his are extant, but are not ranked with his masterpiece.

THE ADVENT OF MAN

(Translated by Alfred Church)

SOMETHING yet lacked—some higher being, dowered
With lofty soul, and capable of rule
And governance of all besides; and Man
At last had birth, whether from seed divine
Of Him, the Artificer of all things, and Cause
Of the Amended world; or whether earth,
Yet new, and late from æther separate, still
Retained some lingering germs of kindred heaven,
Which wise Prometheus, with the plastic aid
Of water borrowed from the neighboring stream,
Formed in the likeness of the all-ordering Gods;
And, while all other creatures sought the ground,
With downward aspect groveling, gave to Man
His port sublime, and bade him scan, erect,
The heavens, and front with upward gaze the stars.
And thus earth's substance, rude and shapeless erst,
Transmuted, took the novel form of Man.

THE GOLDEN AGE

(Translated by George Sandys)

THE Golden Age was first, which, uncompeld,
And without rule, in faith and truth exceld,
As then there was nor punishment nor fear,
Nor threatening laws in brass prescribèd were;
Nor suppliant, crouching prisoners shook to see
Their angrie judge. . . .
In firm content
And harmless ease their happy days were spent;
The yet-free earth did of her own accord
(Untorn with ploughs) all sorts of fruit afford.
Content with Nature's unenforcèd food,
They gather wildings, strawberries of the wood,
Sour cornels what upon the brambles grow,
And acorns which Jove's spreading oaks bestow;
'Twas always Spring; warm Zephyrus sweetly blew
On smiling flowers which, without setting, grew.
Forthwith the earth corn unmanured bears,
And every year renews her golden ears;
With milk and nectar were the rivers fill'd
And yellow money from green elms distill'd.

PLACE OF BANISHMENT

(Translated by Riley)

IF anyone remembers the banished Naso, and if without me my name survives in "the City," let him know that I am living in the midst of barbarism, exposed under stars that never set in the ocean. The Sauromatæ—a savage race—the Bessi and the Getæ surround me: names how unworthy of my genius to mention!

When the air is mild we are defended by the intervening Danube, while it flows; by its waves it repels invasion. But when dire Winter has put forth his rugged face, and the earth has become white with ice—when Boreas is at liberty, and snow has been sent upon the regions under the Bear—then it is true that these nations are distressed by a shivering climate. The snow lies deep, and as it lies neither sun nor rains melt it; Boreas hardens it, and makes it endure forever. Hence, when the former ice has not melted, fresh succeeds; and in many places it is wont to last for two years.

So great is the strength of the north wind, when aroused, that it levels high towers to the ground, and roofs are borne away. The inhabitants poorly defend themselves from the cold by skins and sewed breeches; and of the whole body the face is the only part exposed. Often the hair, as it is moved, rattles with the pendent icicle, and the white beard shines with the ice that has been formed upon it. Liquid wine becomes solid, and preserves the form of the vessel. They do not drink draughts of it, but take bites.

Why should I mention how the frozen rivers become hard, and how the brittle water is dug out of the streams? The Danube itself—which is no narrower than the Nile—mingles through many mouths with the vast ocean. It freezes as the wind hardens its azure streams, and it rolls to the sea with covered waters. Where ships had gone, men now walk on foot; and the hoof of the horse indents the waters hardened by freezing. Samaritan oxen drag the uncouth wagons along strange bridges as the waters roll beneath.

Indeed (I shall hardly be believed, but inasmuch as there is no profit in untruths, an eye-witness ought to receive full confidence) I have seen the vast sea frozen with ice, and a slippery crust covered the unmoved waters. To have seen is not enough. I have trodden upon the hardened ocean, and the surface of the water was under my foot, not wetted by it. The ships stand hemmed in by the frost as though by marble, and no oar can cleave the stiffened water.

When the Danube has been made solid by the drying Northern blasts, the barbarous enemy is carried over on his swift steed. An enemy, strong in horses, and in the arrow that flies from afar, depopulates the neighboring region far and wide. Some take to flight: and no one being left to protect the fields, the unguarded property becomes a prey. Some of the people are driven along as captives, with their arms fastened behind their backs, looking back in vain upon their fields and their homes; some die in torments, pierced by poisoned arrows. What the enemy cannot carry with them they destroy; and the flames consume the unoffending cottages.

Even when there is peace, there is alarm from the apprehension of war. This region either beholds the enemy, or is in dread of a foe which it does not behold. The earth, deserted, becomes worthless; left untilled in ruinous neglect. Here the luscious grape does not lie hidden under the shade of the leaves, and the fermenting new wine does not fill the deep vats. The country does not bear fruit. You may behold naked plains without trees, without herbage: places, alas! not to be visited by a fortunate man! Since the great globe is so wide, why has this land been found out for the purpose of my punishment?

JAMES K. PAULDING

James Kirke Paulding, humorist, biographer and novelist, was born at Pleasant Valley, N. Y., in 1779; died at Hyde Park in 1860. He collaborated with William Irving and Washington Irving in "Salmagundi," published in 1807. He published during the second war with Great Britain, "The United States and England," and was appointed secretary to the navy commission as a reward. In 1837 he was made Secretary of the Navy. His best works are "George Washington," "The Dutchman's Fireside," "Westward Ho," a novel of Kentucky life, "Koningsmarke."

A NIGHT ADVENTURE

(From the "Dutchman's Fireside")

"SHOULD you discover the position of the enemy," continued Sir William Johnson to Sybrandt, "you must depend upon your own sagacity, and that of Timothy Weasel for the direction of your subsequent conduct."

"Timothy Weasel! who is he?"

"What! have you never heard of Timothy Weasel, the Varmounter, as he calls himself?"

"Never."

"Well then, I must give you a sketch of his story before I introduce him. He was born in New Hampshire, as he says, and in due time, as is customary in those parts, married, and took possession, by right of discovery I suppose, of a tract of land in what was at that time called the New Hampshire grants. Others followed him, and in the course of a few years a little settlement was formed of real 'cute Yankees, as Timothy calls them, to the amount of sixty or seventy men, women, and children. They were gradually growing in wealth and numbers, when one night, in the dead of winter, they were set upon by a party of Indians from Canada, and every soul of them, except Timothy, either consumed in the flames or massacred in the attempt to escape. I have witnessed in the course of my life many scenes of horror, but nothing like that which he describes, in which his wife and eight children perished. Timothy was left for dead by the savages, who, as is their custom, departed at the dawn, for fear the news of this massacre might rouse some of the neighboring settlements in time to overtake them before they reached home. When all was silent, Timothy, who, though severely wounded in a dozen places, had, as he says, only been 'playing 'possum,' raised himself up and looked around him. The smoking ruins, mangled limbs, blood-stained snow, and the whole scene, as he describes it with quaint pathos, is enough to make one's blood run cold. He managed to raise himself upright, and, by dint of incredible exertions, to reach a neighboring settlement, distant about forty miles, where he told his story, and then was put to bed, where he lay some weeks. In the meantime the people of the settlement had gone and buried the remains of his unfortunate family and neighbors. When Timothy got well, he visited the spot, and while viewing the ruins of the houses, and pondering over the graves of all that were dear to him, solemnly devoted the remainder of his life to revenge. He accordingly buried himself in the woods, and built a cabin about twelve miles from hence, in a situation the most favorable to killing the 'kritters,' as he calls the savages. From that time until now he has waged a perpetual war against them, and, according to his own account, sacrificed almost a hecatomb to the manes of his wife and children. His intrepidity is wonderful, and his sagacity in the pursuit of this grand object of his life beyond all belief. I am half a savage myself, but I have heard this man relate stories of his adventures and escapes which make me feel myself, in the language of the red skins, 'a woman' in comparison with this strange compound of cunning and simplicity. It is inconceivable with what avidity he will hunt an Indian; and the keenest sportsman does not feel a hundredth part of the delight in bringing down his game that Timothy does in witnessing the mortal pangs of one of these 'kritters.' It is a horrible propensity: but to lose all in one night, and to wake the next morning and see nothing but the mangled remains of wife, children, all that man holds most dear to his inmost heart, is no trifle. If ever man had motive for revenge, it is Timothy. Such as he is I employ him, and find his services highly useful. He is a compound of the two races, and combines all the qualities essential to the species of warfare in which we are now engaged. I have sent for him, and expect him here every moment."

As Sir William concluded, Sybrandt heard a long dry sort of "He-e-e-m-m," ejaculated just outside of the door. "That's he," exclaimed Sir William; "I know the sound. It is his usual expression of satisfaction at the prospect of being employed against his old enemies the Indians. Come in, Timothy."

Timothy accordingly made his appearance, forgot his bow, and said nothing. Sybrandt eyed his associate with close attention. He was a tall, wind-dried man, with extremely sharp, angular features, and a complexion deeply bronzed by the exposures to which he had been subjected for so many years. His scanty head of hair was of a sort of sunburnt color; his beard of a month's growth at least, and his eye of sprightly blue never rested a moment in its socket. It glanced from side to side, and up and down, and here and there, with indescribable rapidity, as though in search of some object of interest, or apprehensive of sudden danger. It was a perpetual silent alarm.

"Timothy," said Sir William, "I want to employ you to-night."

"He-e-m-m," answered Timothy.

"Are you at leisure to depart immediately?"

"What, right off?"

"Ay, in less than no time."

"I guess I am."

"Very well—that means you are certain."

"I'm always sartin of my mark."

"Have you your gun with you?"

"The kritter is just outside the door."

"And plenty of ammunition?"

"Why, what under the sun should I do with a gun and no ammunition?"

"Can you paddle a canoe so that nobody can hear you?"

"Can't I? h-e-e-m-m!"

"And you are all ready?"

"I 'spect so. I knew you didn't want me for nothing, and so got everything to hand."

"Have you anything to eat by the way?"

"No; if I only stay out two or three days I sha'n't want any thing."

"But you are to have a companion."

Timothy here manufactured a sort of linsey-woolsey grunt, betokening disapprobation.

"I'd rather go alone."

"But it is necessary you should have a companion; this young gentleman will go with you."

Timothy hereupon subjected Sybrandt to a rigid scrutiny of those busy eyes of his, that seemed to run over him as quick as lightning.

"I'd rather go by myself," said he again.

"That is out of the question, so say no more about it. Are you ready to go now—this minute?"

"Yes."

Sir William then explained the object of the expedition to Timothy much in the same manner he had previously done to Sybrandt.

"But mayn't I shoot one of these tarnil kritters if he comes in my way?" said Timothy, in a tone of great interest.

"No; you are not to fire a gun, nor attempt any hostility whatever, unless it is neck or nothing with you."

"Well, that's what I call hard; but maybe it will please God to put our lives in danger—that's some comfort."

The knight now produced two Indian dresses, which he directed them to put on somewhat against the inclinations of friend Timothy, who observed that if he happened to see his shadow in the water, he should certainly mistake it for one of the tarnil kritters, and shoot himself. Sir William then with his own hand painted the face of Sybrandt so as to resemble that of an Indian—an operation not at all necessary to Timothy; his toilet was already made; his complexion required no embellishment. This done, the night having now set in, Sir William, motioning silence, led the way cautiously to one of the gates of Ticonderoga, which was opened by the sentinel, and they proceeded swiftly and silently to the high bank which hung over the narrow strait in front of the fort. A little bark canoe lay moored at the foot, into which Sybrandt and Timothy placed themselves flat on the bottom, each with his musket and accounterments at his side, and a paddle in his hand.

"Now," said Sir William, almost in a whisper,—"now, luck be with you, boys; remember, you are to return before daylight without fail."

"But, Sir William," said Timothy, coaxingly, "now, *mayn't* I take a pop at one of the tarnal kritters, if I meet 'em?"

"I tell you, No!" replied the other; "unless you wish to be popped out of the world when you come back. Away with you, my boys."

Each seized his paddle; and the light feather of a boat darted away with the swiftness of a bubble in a whirlpool.

"It's plaguy hard," muttered Timothy to himself.

"What?" quoth Sybrandt.

"Why, not to have the privilege of shooting one of these varmints."

"Not another word," whispered Sybrandt; "we may be overheard from the shore."

"Does he think I don't know what's what?" again muttered Timothy, plying his paddle with a celerity and silence that Sybrandt vainly tried to equal.

The night gradually grew dark as pitch. All became of one color, and the earth and the air were confounded together in utter obscurity, at least to the eyes of Sybrandt Westbrook. Not a breath of wind disturbed the foliage of the trees that hung invisible to all eyes but those of Timothy, who seemed to see best in the dark; not an echo, not a whisper disturbed the dead silence of nature, as they darted along unseen and unseeing,—at least our hero could see nothing but darkness.

"Whisht!" aspirated Timothy, at length, so low that he could scarcely hear himself; and after making a few strokes with his paddle, so as to shoot the boat out of her course, cowered himself down to the bottom. Sybrandt did the same, peering just over the side of the boat, to discover if possible the reason of Timothy's maneuvers. Suddenly he heard, or thought he heard, the measured sound of paddles dipping lightly into the water. A few minutes more and he saw five or six little lights glimmering indistinctly through the obscurity, apparently at a great distance. Timothy raised himself up suddenly, seized his gun and pointed it for a moment at one of the lights; but recollecting the injunction of Sir William, immediately resumed his former position. In a few minutes the sound of the paddles died away, and the lights disappeared.

"What was that?" whispered Sybrandt.

"The Frenchmen are turning the tables on us, I guess," replied the other. "If that boat isn't going a-spying jist like ourselves, I'm quite out in my calculation."

"What! with lights? They must be great fools."

"It was only the fire of their pipes, which the darkness made look like so many candles. I'm thinking what a fine mark these lights would have bin; and how I could have peppered two or three of them, if Sir William had not bin so plaguy obstinate."

"Peppered them! why, they were half-a-dozen miles off."

"They were within fifty yards—the kritters; I could have broke all their pipes as easy as kiss my hand."

"How do you know they were kritters, as you call the Indians?"

"Why, did you ever hear so many Frenchmen make so little noise?"

This reply was perfectly convincing; and Sybrandt again enjoining silence, they proceeded with the same celerity, and in the same intensity of darkness as before, for more than an hour. This brought them, at the swift rate they were going, a distance of at least twenty miles from the place of their departure.

Turning a sharp angle, at the expiration of the time just specified, Timothy suddenly stopped his paddle as before, and cowered down at the bottom of the canoe. Sybrandt had no occasion to inquire the reason of this action; for, happening to look toward the shore, he could discover at a distance innumerable lights glimmering and flashing amid the obscurity, and rendering the darkness beyond the sphere of their influence still more profound. These lights appeared to extend several miles along what he supposed to be the strait or lake, which occasionally reflected their glancing rays upon its quiet bosom.

"There they are, the kritters," whispered Timothy exultingly; "we've treed 'em at last, I swow. Now, mister, let me ask you one question—will you obey my orders?"

"If I like them," said Sybrandt.

"Ay, like or no like. I must be captain for a little time, at least."

"I have no objection to benefit by your experience."

"Can you play Ingen when you are put to it?"

"I have been among them, and know something of their character and manners."

"Can you talk Ingen?"

"No!"

"Ah!" your education has been sadly neglected. But come, there's no time to waste in talking Ingen or English. We must get right in the middle of these kritters. Can you creep on all-fours without waking up a cricket?"

"No!"

"Plague on it! I wonder what Sir William meant by sending you with me. I could have done better by myself. Are you afeard?"

"Try me."

"Well, then, I must make the best of the matter. The kritters are camped out—I see by their fires—by themselves. I can't stop to tell you every thing; but you must keep close to me, do jist as I do, and say nothing; that's all."

"I am likely to play a pretty part, I see."

"Play! you'll find no play here, I guess, mister. Set down close; make no noise; and if you go to sneeze or cough, take right hold of your throat, and let it go downwards."

Sybrandt obeyed his injunctions; and Timothy proceeded toward the lights, which appeared much farther off in the darkness than they really were, handling his paddle with such lightness and dexterity that Sybrandt could not hear the strokes. In this manner they swiftly approached the encampmen, until they could distinguish a confused noise of shoutings and hallooings which gradually broke on their ears in discordant violence. Timothy stopped his paddle and listened.

"It is the song of those tarnal kritters, the Utawas. They're in a drunken frolic, as they always are the night before going to battle. I know the kritters, for I've popped off a few, and can talk and sing their songs pretty considerably, I guess. So we'll be among 'em right off. Don't forget what I told you about doing as I do, and holding your tongue."

Cautiously plying his paddle, he now shot in close to the shore whence the sounds of revelry proceeded, and made the land at some little distance, that he might avoid the sentinels, whom they could hear ever and anon challenging each other. They then drew up the light canoe into the bushes, which here closely skirted the waters. "Now leave all behind but yourself, and follow me," whispered Timothy, as he carefully felt whether the muskets were well covered from the damps of the night; and then laid himself down on his face and crawled along under the bushes with the quiet celerity of a snake in the grass.

"Must we leave our guns behind," whispered Sybrandt.

"Yes, according to orders; but it's a plaguy hard case. Yet upon the whole it's best; for if I was to get a fair chance at one of these kritters, I believe in my heart my gun would go off clean of itself. But hush! shut your mouth as close as a powder-horn."

After proceeding some distance, Sybrandt getting well scratched by the briars, and finding infinite difficulty in keeping up with Timothy, the latter stopped short.

"Here the kritters are," said he, in the lowest whisper.

"Where?" replied the other, in the same tone.

"Look right before you."

Sybrandt followed the direction, and beheld a group of five or six Indians seated round a fire, the waning luster of which cast a fitful light upon their dark countenances, whose savage expression was heightened to ferocity by the stimulant of the debauch in which they were engaged. They sat on the ground swaying to and fro, backward and forward, and from side to side, ever and anon passing round the canteen from one to the other, and sometimes rudely snatching it away when they thought either was drinking more than his share. At intervals they broke out into yelling and discordant songs, filled with extravagant boastings of murders, massacres, burnings, and plunderings, mixed up with threatenings of what they would do to the red-coat long knives on the morrow. One of these songs recited the destruction of a village, and bore a striking resemblance to the bloody catastrophe of poor Timothy's wife and children. Sybrandt could not understand it, but he could hear the quick suppressed breathings of his companion, who, when it was done, aspirated, in a tone of smothered vengeance, "If I only had my gun!"

"Stay here a moment," whispered he, as he crept cautiously toward the noisy group, which all at once became perfectly quiet, and remained in the attitude of listening.

"Huh!" muttered one, who appeared by his dress to be the principal.

Timothy replied in a few Indian words, which Sybrandt did not comprehend; and raising himself from the ground, suddenly appeared in the midst of them. A few words were rapidly interchanged; and Timothy then brought forward his companion, whom he presented to the Utawas, who welcomed him and handed the canteen, now almost empty.

"My brother does not talk," said Timothy.

"Is he dumb?" asked the chief of the Utawas.

"No; but he has sworn not to open his mouth till he has struck the body of a long knife."

"Good," said the other; "he is welcome."

After a pause he went on, at the same time eyeing Sybrandt with suspicion; though his faculties were obscured by the fumes of the liquor he still continued to drink, and hand round at short intervals.

"I don't remember the young warrior. Is he of our tribe?"

"He is; but he was stolen by the Mohawks many years ago, and only returned lately."

"How did he escape?"

"He killed two chiefs while they were asleep by the fire, and ran away."

"Good," said the Utawas; and for a few moments sunk into a kind of stupor, from which he suddenly roused himself, and grasping his tomahawk started up, rushed toward Sybrandt, and raising his deadly weapon, stood over him in the attitude of striking. Sybrandt remained perfectly unmoved, waiting the stroke.

"Good," said the Utawas again; "I am satisfied; the Utawas never shuts his eyes at death. He is worthy to be our brother. He shall go with us to battle to-morrow."

"We have just come in time," said Timothy.

"Does the white chief march against the red-coats to-morrow?"

"He does."

"Has he men enough to fight them?"

"They are like the leaves on the trees," said the other.

By degrees Timothy drew from the Utawas chief the number of Frenchmen, Indians, and *coureurs de bois,* which composed the army; the time when they were to commence their march; the course they were to take, and the outlines of the plan of attack, in case the British either waited for them in the fort or met them in the field. By the time he had finished his examination, the whole party, with the exception of Timothy, Sybrandt, and the chief, were fast asleep. In a few minutes after, the two former affected to be in the same state, and began to move lustily. The Utawas chief nodded from side to side; then sunk down like a log and remained insensible to everything around him, in the sleep of drunkenness.

Timothy lay without motion for awhile, then turned himself over, and rolled about from side to side, managing to strike against each of the party in succession. They remained fast asleep. He then cautiously raised himself, and Sybrandt did the same. In a moment Timothy was down again, and Sybrandt followed his example without knowing why, until he heard some one approach, and distinguished, as they came nigh, two officers, apparently of rank. They halted near the waning fire, and one said to the other in French, in a low tone:

"The beasts are all asleep: it is time to wake them. Our spies are come back, and we must march."

"Not yet," replied the other; "let them sleep an hour longer, and they will wake sober." They then passed on, and when their footsteps were no longer heard, Timothy again raised himself up, motioning our hero to lie still. After ascertaining by certain tests which experience had taught him that the Indians still continued in a profound sleep, he proceeded with wonderful dexterity and silence to shake the priming from each of the guns in succession. After this, he took their powderhorns and emptied them; then seizing up the tomahawk of the Utawas chief, which had dropped from his hand, he stood over him for a moment with an expression of deadly hatred which Sybrandt had never seen in his or any other countenance. The intense desire of killing one of the kritters, as he called them, struggled a few moments with his obligations to obey the orders of Sir William; but the latter at length triumphed, and motioning Sybrandt, they crawled away with the silence and celerity with which they came; launched their light canoe and plied their paddles with might and main. "The morning breeze is springing up," said Timothy, "and it will soon be daylight. We must be tarnal busy."

And busy they were, and swiftly did the light canoe slide over the wave, leaving scarce a wake behind her. As they turned the angle which hid the encampment from their view, Timothy ventured to speak a little above their breath.

"It's lucky for us that the boat we passed coming down has returned, for it's growing light apace. I'm only sorry for one thing."

"What's that?" asked Sybrandt.

"That I let that drunken Utawas alone. If I had only bin out on my own bottom, he'd have bin stun dead in a twinkling, I guess."

"And you, too, I *guess,*" said Sybrandt, adopting his peculiar phraseology; "you would have been overtaken and killed."

"Who, I? I must be a poor kritter if I can't dodge half a dozen of these drunken varmints."

A few hours of sturdy exertion brought them at length within sight of Ticonderoga, just as the red harbingers of morning striped the pale green of the skies. Star after star disappeared, as Timothy observed, like candles that had been burning all night and gone out of themselves, and as they struck the foot of the high bluff whence they had departed, the rays of the sun just tipped the peaks of the high mountains rising toward the west. Timothy then shook hands with our hero.

"You're a hearty kritter," said he, "and I'll tell Sir William how you looked at that tarnal tomahawk as if it had bin an old pipe-stem."

Without losing a moment, they proceeded to the quarters of Sir William, whom they found waiting for tnem with extreme anxiety. He extended both hands toward our hero, and eagerly exclaimed—

"What luck, my lads? I have been up all night, waiting your return."

"Then you will be quite likely to sleep sound to-night," quoth master Timothy, unbending the intense rigidity of his leathern countenance. "I am of opinion if a man wants to have a real good night's rest, he's only to set up the night before, and he may calculate upon it with sartinty."

"Hold your tongue, Timothy," said Sir William, good-humoredly, "or else speak to the purpose. Have you been at the enemy's camp?"

"Right in their very bowels," said Timothy.

Sir William proceeded to question, and Sybrandt and Timothy to answer, until he drew from them all the important information of which they had possessed themselves. He then dismissed Timothy with cordial thanks and a purse of yellow boys, which he received with much satisfaction.

"It's not of any great use to me, to be sure," said he as he departed; "but somehow or other I love to look at the kritters."

"As to you, Sybrandt Westbrook, you have fulfilled the expectations I formed of you on our first acquaintance. You claim a higher reward; for you have acted from higher motives and at least equal courage and resolution. His majesty shall know of this; and in the meantime call yourself Major Westbrook, for such you are from this moment. Now go with me to the commander-in-chief, who must know of what you heard and saw."

PETRARCH

Francesco Petrarch (Petrarca), scholar, diplomatist and poet, was born at Arezzo, Italy, in 1304; died at Arquà in 1374. After studying law he entered the church and was made Archdeacon of Milan. One of the greatest scholars of his time, he spoke Latin as his mother tongue, and wrote many of his books in that language. He spent his life among princes and was sent on many missions of state. He wrote over three hundred poems and some ethical essays. "Laura," a lady whom he loved devotedly inspired his best work.

THE DEATH OF LAURA

(Translated by Wollaston)

ALAS! that touching glance, that beautiful face!
Alas! that dignity with sweetness fraught!
Alas! that speech which tamed the wildest thought!
That roused the coward glory to embrace!
Alas! that smile which in me did encase
That fatal dart, whence here I hope for nought!
Oh! hadst thou earlier our regions sought,
The world had then confessed thy sovereign grace!
In thee I breathed; life's flame was nursed by thee,
For it was thine; and since of thee bereaved,
Each other woe hath lost its venomed sting;
My soul's best joy! when last thy voice on me
In music fell, my heart sweet hope conceived;
Alas! thy words have sped on Zephyr's wings.

THE BEAUTY OF LAURA

(Translated by Capel Lofft)

THE Stars, the Elements, and the Heavens have made,
With blended powers, a work beyond compare;
All their consenting influence, all their care,
To frame one perfect creature lent their aid,
Whence Nature views her loveliness displayd
With sun-like radiance divinely fair;
Nor mortal eyes can that pure splendor bear;
Love, sweetness, in unmeasured grave arrayed.
The very air, illumed by her sweet beams,
Breathes purest excellence; and such delight,
That all expression far beneath it gleams.
No base desire lives in that heavenly light,
Honor alone and virtue! Fancy's dreams
Never saw passion rise refined by rays so bright.

LAURA IN HEAVEN

(Translated by Wrottlesley)

O MY sad eyes! our sun is overcast—
Nay, borne to heaven, and there is shining,
Waiting our coming, and perchance repining
At our delay; there shall we meet at last,
And there, mine ears, her angel words float past,
Those who best understand their sweet divining.
Howe'er, my feet, unto the search inclining,
Ye cannot reach her in those regions vast,
Why do ye then torment me thus? for oh!
It is no fault of mine that ye no more
Behold and joyful welcome her below;
Blame Death—or rather praise Him, and adore
Who binds and frees, restrains and letteth go,
And to the weeping one can joy restore.

MY LOVE

A TENDER paleness stealing o'er her cheek
Veiled her sweet smile as 'twice a passing cloud,
And such pure dignity of love avowed,
That in my eyes my full soul strove to speak.

Then knew I how the spirits of the blest
Communion hold in heaven; so beamed serene
That pitying thought, by every eye unseen
Save mine, wont ever on her charms to rest.

Each grace angelic, each meek glance humane,
That Love ere to his fairest votaries lent,
By this, were deemed ungentle cold disdain.

Her lovely looks in sadness downward bent,
In silence, to my fancy, seemed to say,
Who calls my faithful friend so far away?

WENDELL PHILLIPS

Wendell Phillips, reformer and orator, was born in Boston in 1811; died there in 1884. He was a lover of liberty, and, in consequence, a strong abolitionist. Educated at Harvard College, and admitted to the bar, he refused to practice because he regarded the Constitution as it then was, as giving an unholy sanction to the development of one race by another. His speeches were admired for their clear logic, beautiful English and perfect delivery. He will always rank as one of the greatest of American orators.

THE BURIAL OF JOHN BROWN

HOW feeble words seem here! How can I hope to utter what your hearts are full of? I fear to disturb the harmony which his life breathes round this home. One and another of you, his neighbors, say, "I have known him five years," "I have known him ten years." It seems to me as if we had none of us known him. How our admiring, loving wonder has grown, day by day, as he has unfolded trait after trait of earnest, brave, tender, Christian life! We see him walking with radiant, serene face to the scaffold, and think, what an iron heart, what devoted faith! We take up his letters, beginning "My dear wife and children, every one,"—see him stoop on the way to the scaffold and kiss that negro child—and this iron heart seems all tenderness. Marvelous old man! We hardly said it when the loved forms of his sons, in the bloom of young devotion, encircle him, and we remember he is not alone, only the majestic center of a group. Your neighbor farmer went, surrounded by his household, to tell the slaves there will still be hearts and right arms ready and nerved for the service. From this roof four, from a neighboring roof two, to make up that score of heroes. How resolutely each looked into the face of Virginia, how loyally each stood at his forlorn post, meeting death cheerfully, till that master voice said, "It is enough." And these weeping children and widow see so lifted up and consecrated by long, single-hearted devotion to his great purpose that we dare, even at this moment, to remind them how blessed they are in the privilege of thinking that in the last throbs of those brave young hearts, which lie buried on the banks of the Shenandoah, thoughts of them mingled with love to God and hope for the slave.

He has abolished slavery in Virginia. You may say this is too much. Our neighbors are the last men we know. The hours that pass us are the ones that we appreciate least. Men walked Boston streets when night fell on Bunker's Hill, and pitied Warren, saying, "Foolish man! Threw away his life! Why didn't he measure his means better?" Now we see him standing colossal on that blood-stained sod, and severing that day the tie which bound Boston to Great Britain. That night George III. ceased to rule in New England. History will date Virginia Emancipation from Harper's Ferry. True, the slave is still there. So, when the tempest uproots a pine on your hills, it looks green for months—a year or two. Still it is timber, not a tree. John Brown has loosened the roots of the slavery system; it only breathes—it does not live—hereafter.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

IF I stood here to-night to tell the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I here to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts,—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country. I am about to tell you the story of a negro who has hardly left one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of Britons, Frenchmen, Spaniards—men, who despised him as a negro and a slave, and hated him because he had beaten them in many a battle.

* * * * * * *

Let us pause a moment, and find something to measure him by. You remember, Macaulay says, comparing Cromwell with Napoleon, that Cromwell shows the greater military genius, if we consider that he never saw an army till he was forty; while Napoleon was educated from a boy in the best military schools in Europe. Cromwell manufactured his own army; Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. They were both successful; but, says Macaulay, with such disadvantages, the Englishman showed the greater genius. Whether you allow the inference or not, you will at least grant that it is a fair mode of measurement. Apply it to Toussaint. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen—the best blood in the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen—their equals. This man manufactured his army, out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery; one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable, race he forged a thunderbolt, and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier. I know it was a small territory; it was not as large as the continent; but it was as large as that Attica, which, with Athens, for a capital, has filled the earth with its fame for two thousand years. We measure genius by quality, and not by quantity.

Further,—Cromwell was only a soldier; his fame stops there. Not one line in the statute book of Britain can be traced to Cromwell; not one step in the social life of England finds its motive-power in his brain. The state he founded went down with him to his grave. But this man no sooner put his hand on the helm of state, than the ship steadied with an upright keel, and he began to evince a statesmanship as marvelous as his military genius. History says that the most statesmanlike act of Napoleon was his proclamation of 1802, at the place of Amiens, when believing that the indelible loyalty of a native-born heart is always a sufficient basis on which to found an empire, he said: "Frenchmen, come home. I pardon the crimes of the last twelve years; I blot out its parties; I found my throne on the hearts of all Frenchmen,"—and twelve years of unclouded success showed how wisely he judged. This was in 1802. In 1800 this negro made a proclamation; it runs thus: "Sons of St. Domingo, come home. We never meant to take your houses or your lands. The negro only asked that liberty which God gave him. Your houses wait for you; your lands are ready; come and cultivate them;"—and from Madrid and Paris, from Baltimore and New Orleans, the emigrant planters crowded home to enjoy their estates, under the pledged word that was never broken of a victorious slave.

It was 1800. The world waited fifty years before, in 1846, Robert Peel dared to venture, as a matter of practical statesmanship, the theory of free trade. Adam Smith theorized, the French statesmen dreamed, but no man at the head of affairs had ever dared to risk it as a practical measure. Europe waited until 1846 before the most practical intellect in the world, the English, adopted the great economic formula of unfettered trade. But in 1800, this black, with the instinct of statesmanship, said to the committee who were drafting him a Constitution: "Put at the head of the chapter of commerce that the ports of St. Domingo are open to the trade of the world." With lofty indifference to race, superior to all envy or prejudice, Toussaint had formed this committee of eight white proprietors and one mulatto,—not a soldier nor a negro on the list, although Haytien history proves that, with the exception of Rigaud, the rarest genius has always been shown by pure negroes.

Again, it was in 1800, at a time when England was poisoned on every page of her statute book with religious intolerance, when a man could not enter the House of Commons without taking an Episcopal communion, when every State in the Union, except Rhode Island, was full of the intensest religious bigotry. This man was a negro. You say that is a superstitious blood. He was uneducated. You say that makes a man narrow-minded. He was a Catholic. Many say that is but another name for intolerance. And yet—negro, Catholic, slave—he took his place by the side of Roger Williams, and said to his committee: "Make it the first line of my Constitution that I know no difference between religious beliefs."

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temple with the silver of seventy years; and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreathe a laurel such as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro,—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons,—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams before any Englishman or American had won the right; and yet this is the record which the history of rival states makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo. . . .

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. "No Retaliation" was his great motto and the rule of his life; and the last words he uttered to his son in France were these: "My boy, you will one day go back to St. Domingo; forget that France murdered your father." I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic to-night, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek, and Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, La Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright, consummate flower of our earlier civilization, and John Brown the ripe fruit of our noon-day, then, dipping his pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

PLATO

Plato, greatest of Greek philosophers, was born at Ægina about 429 B.C.; died at Athens about 347. He wrote much in his youth, but he destroyed his productions. He became a pupil of Socrates, and later opened a school in Athens. His work has been a model for philosophers of all centuries, especially in the schools of Middle Ages.

THE PHILOSOPHER

(From "The Republic")

THOSE who belong to this small class have tasted how sweet and blessed a possession philosophy is, and have also seen and been satisfied of the madness of the multitude, and know that there is no one who ever acts honestly in the administration of states, nor any helper who will save anyone who maintains the cause of the just. Such a Saviour would be like a man who has fallen among wild beasts, unable to join in the wickedness of his friends, and would have to throw away his life before he had done any good to himself or others. And he reflects upon all this, and holds his peace, and does his own business. He is like one who retires under the shelter of a wall in the storm of dust and sleet which the driving wind hurries along; and when he sees the rest of mankind full of wickedness, he is content if only he can live his own life, and be pure from evil or unrighteousness, and depart in peace and good-will, with bright hopes.

A LOVER'S THOUGHT

(Translated by Shelley)

Thou wert the morning star amongst the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled;
Now, having died, thou art, as Hesperus, giving
New splendor to the dead.

PLUTARCH

Plutarch, the greatest biographical writer of classic times, was born at Chaeronea in the first century of the Christian era, but the exact date is unknown. He was a student in 66 A.D., and is mentioned as being at his native place in A.D. 106. He wrote a series of "Parallel Lines," of the great men of Greece and Rome. They were placed in pairs and a comparison then drawn by the writer. Over sixty of his essays are extant.

DEATH OF CÆSAR

THE honors and favors which Brutus had received from Cæsar dulled him towards attempting of his own proper motion the overthrow of the monarchical power; for not only was his life saved at the battle of Pharsalus after the rout of Pompeius, and many of his friends also at his entreaty, but besides this he had great credit with Cæsar. He had also received among those who then held the prætorship the chief office, and he was to be consul in the fourth year from that time, having been preferred to Cassius, who was a rival candidate. For it is said that Cæsar observed that Cassius urged better grounds of preference, but that he could not pass over Brutus. And on one occasion, when some persons were calumniating Brutus to him, at a time when the conspiracy was really forming, he would not listen to them, but touching his body with his hand he said to the accusers, "Brutus waits for this dry skin," by which he intended to signify that Brutus was worthy of the power for his merits, but for the sake of the power would not be ungrateful and a villain. Now those who were eager for the change, and who looked up to him alone, or him as the chief person, did not venture to speak with him on the subject, but by night they used to fill the tribunal and the seat on which he sat when discharging his functions as prætor, with writings, most of which were to this purport: "You are asleep, Brutus," and "You are not Brutus." By which Cassius, perceiving that his ambition was somewhat stirred, urged him more than he had done before and pricked him on; and Cassius himself had also a private grudge against Cæsar for the reasons which I have mentioned in the Life of Brutus. Indeed Cæsar suspected Cassius, and he once said to his friends, "What think ye is Cassius aiming at? For my part, I like him not over-much, for he is over-pale." On the other hand, it is said that when a rumor reached him that Antonius and Dolabella were plotting, he said, "I am not much afraid of these well-fed long-haired fellows, but I rather fear those others, the pale and thin," meaning Cassius and Brutus. . . .

In the meantime Decimus Brutus, surnamed Albinus, who was in such favor with Cæsar that he was made in his will his second heir, but was engaged in the conspiracy with the other Brutus and Cassius, being afraid that, if Cæsar escaped that day, the affair might become known, ridiculed the seers, and chided Cæsar for giving cause for blame and censure to the Senate, who would consider themselves insulted: he said, "that the Senate had met at his bidding, and that they were all ready to pass a decree that he should be proclaimed king of the provinces out of Italy, and should wear a diadem whenever he visited the rest of the earth and sea; but if any one shall tell them, when they are taking their seats, to be gone now and to come again when Calpurnia shall have had better dreams, what may we not expect to be said by those who envy you, or who will listen to your friends when they say that this is not slavery and tyranny? But if," he continued, "you are fully resolved to consider the day inauspicious, it is better for you to go yourself and address the Senate and then to adjourn the business." As he said this, Brutus took Cæsar by the hand and began to lead him forth: and he had gone but a little way from the door, when a slave belonging to another person, who was eager to get at Cæsar, but was prevented by the press and numbers about him, rushing into the house, delivered himself up to Calpurnia and told her to keep him till Cæsar returned, for he had important things to communicate to him.

Artemidorus, a Cnidian by birth, and a professor of Greek philosophy, which had brought him into the familiarity of some of those who belonged to the party of Brutus, so that he knew the greater part of what was going on, came and brought in a small roll the information which he intended to communicate; but, observing that Cæsar gave each roll as he received it to the attendants about him, he came very near, and said, "This you alone should read, Cæsar, and read it soon; for it is about weighty matters which concern you." Accordingly Cæsar received the roll, but he was prevented from reading it by the number of people who came in his way, though he made several attempts, and he entered the Senate holding that roll in his hand, and retaining that alone among all that had been presented to him. Some say that it was another person who gave him this roll, and that Artemidorus did not even approach him, but was kept from him all the way by the pressure of the crowd.

Now these things perchance may be brought about by mere spontaneity; but the spot that was the scene of that murder and struggle, wherein the Senate was then assembled, which contained the statue of Pompeius and was a dedication by Pompeius and one of the ornaments that he added to his theater, completely proved that it was the work of some dæmon to guide and call the execution of the deed to that place. It is said also that Cassius looked towards the statue of Pompeius before the deed was begun and silently invoked it, though he was not averse to the philosophy of Epicurus; but the critical moment for the bold attempt which was now come probably produced in him enthusiasm and feeling in place of his former principles. Now Antonius, who was faithful to Cæsar and a robust man, was kept on the outside by Brutus Albinus, who purposely engaged him in a long conversation. When Cæsar entered, the Senate rose to do him honor, and some of the party of Brutus stood around his chair at the back, and others presented themselves before him, as if their purpose was to support the prayer of Tillius Cimber on behalf of his exiled brother, and they all joined in entreaty, following Cæsar as far as his seat. When he had taken his seat and was rejecting their entreaties, and as they urged them still more strongly, began to show displeasure towards them individually, Tillius taking hold of his toga with both his hands pulled it downwards from the neck, which was the signal for the attack. Casca was the first to strike him on the neck with his sword a blow neither mortal nor severe, for as was natural at the beginning of so bold a deed he was confused, and Cæsar turning round seized the dagger and held it fast. And it happened that at the same moment he who was struck cried out in the Roman language, "You villain Casca, what are you doing?" and he who had given the blow cried out to his brother in Greek, "Brother, help!" Such being the beginning, those who were not privy to the conspiracy were prevented by consternation and horror at what was going on either from flying or going to aid, and they did not even venture to utter a word.

And now each of the conspirators bared his sword, and Cæsar being hemmed in all round, in whatever direction he turned meeting blows and swords aimed against his eyes and face, driven about like a wild beast, was caught in the hands of his enemies; for it was arranged that all of them should take a part in and taste of the deed of blood. Accordingly Brutus also gave him one blow in the groin. It is said by some authorities, that he defended himself against the rest, moving about his body hither and thither, and calling out, till he saw that Brutus had drawn his sword, when he pulled his toga over his face and offered no further resistance, having been driven either by chance or by the conspirators to the base on which the statue of Pompeius stood. And the base was drenched with blood, as if Pompeius was directing the vengeance upon his enemy, who was stretched beneath his feet and writhing under his many wounds; for he is said to have received three and twenty wounds. Many of the conspirators were wounded by one another, while they were aiming so many blows against one body.

After Cæsar was killed, though Brutus came forward as if he was going to say something about the deed, the Senators, without waiting to listen, rushed through the door, and making their escape filled the people with confusion and indescribable alarm, so that some closed their houses, and others left their tables and places of business, and while some ran to the place to see what had happened, others who had seen it ran away. But Antonius and Lepidus, who were the chief friends of Cæsar, stole away and fled for refuge to the houses of other persons. The partisans of Brutus, just as they were, warm from the slaughter, and showing their bare swords, all in a body advanced from the Senate-house to the Capitol, not like men who were flying, but exulting and confident, calling the people to liberty, and joined by the nobles who met them. Some even went up to the Capitol with them and mingled with them as if they had participated in the deed, and claimed the credit of it, among whom were Caius Octavius and Lentulus Spinther. But they afterwards paid the penalty for their vanity, for they were put to death by Antonius and the young Cæsar, without having enjoyed even the reputation of that for which they lose their lives, for nobody believed that they had a share in the deed. For neither did those who put them to death, punish them for what they did, but for what they wished to do. On the next day Brutus came down and addressed the people, who listened without expressing disapprobation or approbation of what had been done, but they indicated by their deep silence that they pitied Cæsar and respected Brutus. The Senate, with a view of making an amnesty and conciliating all parties, decreed that Cæsar should be honored as a god, and that not the smallest thing should be disturbed which he had settled while he was in power; and they distributed among the partisans of Brutus provinces and suitable honors, so that all people supposed that affairs were quieted and had been settled in the best way.

But when the will of Cæsar was opened, and it was discovered that he had given to every Roman a handsome present, and they saw the body, as it was carried through the Forum, disfigured with wounds, the multitude no longer kept within the bounds of propriety and order, but heaping about the corpse benches, lattices and tables, taken from the Forum, they set fire to it on the spot and burnt it; then taking the flaming pieces of wood they ran to the houses of the conspirators to fire them, and others ran about the city in all directions seeking for the men to seize and tear them in pieces. But none of the conspirators came in their way, and they were all well protected. One Cinna, however, a friend of

Cæsar, happened, as it is said, to have had a strange dream the night before; for he dreamed that he was invited by Cæsar to sup with him, and when he excused himself, he was dragged along by Cæsar by the hand, against his will and making resistance the while. Now when he heard that the body of Cæsar was burning in the Forum, he got up and went there, out of respect, though he was somewhat alarmed at his dream and had a fever on him. One of the multitude who saw Cinna told his name to another who was inquiring of him, and he again told it to a third, and immediately it spread through the crowd, that this man was one of those who had killed Cæsar; and indeed there was one of the conspirators who was named Cinna; and taking this man to be him, the people forthwith rushed upon him and tore him in pieces on the spot. It was principally through alarm at this that the partisans of Brutus and Cassius after a few days left the city.

MOTHERS AND CHILDREN

IN my opinion mothers ought to bring up and nurse their own children; for they bring them up with greater affection and with greater anxiety, as loving them from the heart, and, so to speak, every inch of them. But the love of a nurse is spurious and counterfeit, as loving them only for hire.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Edgar Allan Poe, poet and romancer, was born at Boston in 1809; died at Baltimore in 1849. He was, for a while, a cadet at West Point, but decided on a literary career in preference to the army. His first volume of poems he published at the age of nineteen. Subsequently he was editor of several magazines. Poe was not properly appreciated in his own day, nor has he been since, but over a half century after his death has passed and his fame is increasing and time will undoubtedly give him his rightful place among the greatest of America's literary geniuses. Although a New Englander by birth he had no great sympathy with the exclusively Boston idea of literature, at a time when no other was supposed to be of importance in this country. The public seem to have been unpleasantly affected by the melancholy strain in his writing, and overlooked his originality and real power. Among his best known are "Tamerlane and Other Poems." "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," "The Raven," and short stories.

THE RAVEN

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping—rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door:
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow: vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me—with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door:
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,—
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you." Here I opened wide the door—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice:
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore:
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore:
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he:
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door,—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore.
Tell me what they lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast. upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door—
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered:
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before!
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before!"
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store;
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore,—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore!'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,—
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget the lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,—
On this home by horror haunted,—tell me truly, I implore,
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead? Tell me! tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us,—by that God we both adore,—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!"
I shrieked, upstarting,
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

THE BELLS

I

HEAR the sledges with the bells,—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells.
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells,—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! How it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum bells,—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells
Of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells,—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone,—
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human:
They are Ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls,
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls a pæan from the bells;
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells,
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing pæan of the bells,—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,—
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

ANNABEL LEE

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know,
By the name of Annabel Lee:
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love,—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me:
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we:
And neither the angels in heaven above,

Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
For the moon never beams without bringing me
dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

ULALUME

THE skies they were ashen and sober,
The leaves they were crispèd and sere,—
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid-region of Weir,—
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titantic
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul,—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll—
As the lavas that restlessly roll—
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole,—
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek,
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
  But our thoughts they were palsied and sere,—
  Our memories were treacherous and sere,—
For we knew not the month was October,
  And we marked not the night of the year;—
  (Ah! night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber
  (Though once we had journeyed down here),
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
  Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent,
  And star-dials pointed to morn,—
  As the star-dials hinted of morn,—
At the end of our path a liquescent
  And nebulous luster was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
  Arose with a duplicate horn,—
Astarte's bediamonded crescent,
  Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said, "She is warmer than Dian:
  She rolls through an ether of sighs,—
  She revels in a region of sighs:
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
  These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
  To point us the path to the skies,—
  To the Lethean peace of the skies,—
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
  To shine on us with her bright eyes,—
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
  With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
  Said, "Sadly this star I mistrust,—
  Her pallor I strangely mistrust,—
Oh, hasten! oh, let us not linger!

Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings until they trailed in the dust,—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust,—
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied, "This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its Sibylic splendor is beaming
With Hope and in Beauty to-night;
See! it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright.
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche, and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom,—
And conquered her scruples and gloom:
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb—
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said, "What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied, "Ulalume!—Ulalume!—
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crispèd and sere,
As the leaves that were withering and sere:
And I cried, "It was surely October,—
On *this* very night of last year,
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here,—

That I brought a dread burden down here;
On this night, of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know now this dim lake of Auber,
This misty mid-region of Weir,—
Well I know now this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

GOING DOWN INTO THE ABYSS

(From "A Descent Into the Maelström)

IT is now within a few days of three years since what I am going to tell you occurred. It was on the 10th of July, 18—; a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget, for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens. And yet all the morning, and indeed until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the southwest, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman among us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

"The three of us—my two brothers and myself—had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock P.M., and soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish; which, we all remarked, were more plenty that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven, *by my watch,* when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Ström at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

"We set out with a fresh wind at our starboard quarter, and for some time spanked along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger; for, indeed, we saw not the slightest reason to apprehend it. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. This was most unusual; something that had never happened to us: and I began to feel a little uneasy, without exactly knowing why. We put the boat on the wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies; and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage, when, looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-colored cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

"In the meantime the breeze that had headed us off fell away, and we were dead becalmed, drifting about in every direction. This state of things, however, did not last long enough to give us time to think about it. In less than a minute the storm was upon us; in less than two the sky was entirely overcast; and what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

"Such a hurricane as then blew, it is folly to attempt to describe. The oldest seaman in Norway never experienced anything like it. We had let our sails go by the run before it cleverly took us; but at the first puff, both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off—the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

"Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow; and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Ström, by way of precaution against chopping seas. But for this circumstance we should have foundered at once; for we lay entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction I cannot say, for I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this, which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done; for I was too much flurried to think.

"For some moments we were completely deluged, I say; and all this time I held my breath, and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself in some measure of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard; but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror, for he put his mouth close to my ear, and screamed out the word *'Muskoe-ström!'*

"No one will ever know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough—I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Ström, and nothing could save us!

"You perceive that in crossing the Ström *channel,* we always went a long way above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack; but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this! 'To be sure,' I thought, 'we shall get there just about the slack,—there is some little hope in that;' but in the moment I cursed myself for being so great fool as to dream of hope at all. I knew pretty well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship.

"By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it much as we scudded before it; but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch; but nearly overhead there burst out all at once a circular rift of clear sky,—as clear as I ever saw, and of a deep bright blue,—and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a luster that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness—but O God, what a scene it was to light up!

"I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother; but in some manner which I could not understand, the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers, as if to say, '*Listen!*'

"At first I could not make out what he meant; but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. *It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack and the whirl of the Ström was in full fury!*

"When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her —which appears very strange to a landsman; and this is what is called *riding,* in sea phrase.

"Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose—up—up—as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge, that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around; and that one glance was all-sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoe-ström whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead; but no more like the every-day Moskoe-ström than the whirl as you now see it is like a mill-race. If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognized the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterward until we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half-turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek; such a sound as you might imagine given out by the water pipes of many thousand steam-vessels, letting off their steam altogether. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought,of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss —down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

"It may appear strange,—but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

" It may look like boasting, but what I tell you is truth: I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. Afer a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a *wish* to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a mans' mind in such extremity—and I have often thought since that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

" There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession; and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation—for as you saw yourself, the belt of surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high, black, mountainous ridge. If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances; just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences, forbidden them while their doom is yet uncertain.

" How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit, he let go his hold upon this and made for the ring, from which in the agony of his terror he endeavored to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act, although I knew he was a madman when he did it—a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing; for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel—only swaying to and fro with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position when we gave a wild lurch to starboard and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

"As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them; while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along I took courage, and looked once more again upon the scene.

"Never shall I forget the sensation of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

"At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel,—that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water; but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmans say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity. This mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom; but the yell that went up to the heavens from out of that mist, I dare not attempt to describe.

"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us to a great distance down the slope; but our further descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept; not with any uniform movement, but in dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards, sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow but very perceptible.

"Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels, and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I *must* have been delirious, for I even sought *amusement* in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. 'This fir-tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears;' and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all,—this fact, the fact of my invariable miscalculation, set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

"It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting *hope*. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-ström. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way,—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters; but then I distinctly recollected that there were *some* of them which were not disfigured at all. Now, I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been *completely absorbed;* that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or from some reason had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came,—or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might be thus whirled up again to the level of the ocean without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early or absorbed more rapidly. I made also three important observations. The first was, that as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent; the second, that between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical and the other *of any other shape,* the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third, that between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical, and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape I have had several conversations on this subject with an old schoolmaster of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.' He explained to me—although I have forgotten the explanation—how what I observed was in fact the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments; and showed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty, than an equally bulky body of any form whatever.

"There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account: and this was, that every revolution we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of the vessel; while many of those things which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

"I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design; but whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay: and so with a bitter struggle I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

"The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale,—as you see that I *did* escape, and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have further to say, I will bring my story quickly to conclusion. It might have been an hour or thereabout after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and forever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momently less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew gradually less and less violent. By degrees the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-ström *had been.* It was the hour of the slack; but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Ström, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the 'grounds' of the fishermen. A boat picked me up,—exhausted from fatigue, and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions; but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveler from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven-black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say too that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story; they did not believe it. I now tell it to *you;* and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden."

ALEXANDER POPE

Alexander Pope, one of the most famous poets of England, was born at London in 1688; died at Twickenham in 1744. He started to make verses when but a small child and wrote an "Ode on Solitude" before he was twelve years of age. When he was fifteen he had an acknowledged place among the poets of his age. Between eighteen and twenty-one he wrote "The Pastorals." Pope was of a supersensitive nature and real or supposed slights were most bitterly avenged by his pen. He was a master of satirical writing and as a few lines set all London laughing, his dislike was feared by public men and critics of his works. Possessing an extensive acquaintance with Greek and Latin authors he filled his pages with classical allusions, so skilfully placed, that they do not appear inapt or forced. Those who followed him in his peculiar style, as a usual thing, made a failure of it. His translation of Homer's Illiad is a great piece of literary work, but it is more Pope than Homer. "The Rape of the Lock," shows how quickly he caught some trivial incident of social life, and used it to mildly caricature fashionable foibles of his day.

BELINDA

(From the "Rape of the Lock")

AND now unveiled the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic pours
A heavenly image in the glass appears—
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears.

The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride;
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil.
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs—the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows;
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all her arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
See, by degrees, a pure blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and these divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown;
And Betty's praised for labors not her own.

BELINDA AT THE WATER-PARTY

(From the "Rape of the Lock" Canto II)

NOT with more glories in the ethereal plain
The sun first rises o'er the purple main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams,
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames,
Fair nymphs and well-drest youths around her shone,
But every eye is fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those;

Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, yet never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes on gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
  This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slave detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
The adventurous Baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

FATHER of all! in every age,
  In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, or by sage—
  Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou first great Cause, least understood,
  Who all my sense confined
To know but this: that Thou are good,
  And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me in this dark estate,
  To see the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
  Let free the human Will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
  Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
  That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives
  Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives;
  To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
  Thy goodness let me bound,
Or Thee the Lord alone of man,
  When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
  Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
  On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy Grace impart
  Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
  To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
  Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
  Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
  To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
  That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
  Since quickened by Thy breath;
Oh, lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
  Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot:
  All else beneath the sun
Thou knowest it best, bestowed or not,
  And let Thy will be done!

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
  Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all being raise;
  All Nature's incense rise.

AN ESSAY ON MAN

THE bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
  Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not a man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

Far as creation's ample range extends
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam!
Of smell, the headlong lioness between
And hound sagacious on the tainted green!
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line;
In the nice bee what sense so subtly true,
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How instinct varies in the groveling swine,
Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!
For ever separate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how allied!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
And middle natures how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation could they be
Subjected these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?
See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth!
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began;
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee;
From thee to nothing—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:

From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
  And if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and stars run lawless through the sky,
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd.
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their center nod,
And nature tremble to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—O madness! pride! impiety!
  What if the foot ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame;
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of All ordains.
  All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all!
  Cease, then, nor order imperfection name;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.

Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal or in the mortal hour.
All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

MESSIAH

A SACRED ECLOGUE

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive—a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a Branch arise
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' Ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid—
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale,
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.

Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance;
See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply—
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys, rise!
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay!
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold—
Hear Him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing; the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear—
From every face He wipes off every tear.
In adamantine claims shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms—
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage—
The promised Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;

Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods;
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed;
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake—
Pleased, the green luster of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.

See Heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts; the Light Himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
O ever beauteous! ever friendly! tell,
Is it in Heav'n a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchers;

Like Eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.
  From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
  But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death!
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates:
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way),
"Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield."
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.
  What can atone (O ever-injured shade!)
Thy fate unpitied and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier;
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honor'd and by strangers mourn'd.
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show?

What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow:
While angels with their silver wings o'er-shade
The ground now sacred by thy relics made.
  So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How loved, how honor'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
  Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more!

JEAN RACINE

JEAN RACINE, French dramatist, was born at La Ferté-Milon, Île-de-France, in 1639; died at Paris in 1699. He studied at Beauvais, Port-Royal, and the college of Harcourt. He became very popular at the court of Louis XIV, and received a pension in 1660, on account of an ode celebrating the King's marriage. Among his masterpieces are "Andromaque," "Britannicus," "Iphigénie en Aulide," "Esther" and "Athalie." His prose, vigorous and elaborately polished, was of as high an order as his poetry.

THE DEATH OF PHÆDRA

(From "Phèdre")

Phæd.—My moments are few. Listen to me, Theseus. It was I who looked with profane eyes upon your chaste and virtuous son. Heaven put a fatal passion into my bosom; the hateful Œnone carried out its plans. Fearing lest Hippolytus should reveal to you my love, which filled his mind with horror, she, the traitress, abusing my weakness, hastened first to accuse him. She is punished. Flying from my anger, she has found under the waves a fate more merciful than she deserves. My life should before this have been cut short by the sword; but that would have left a stain upon his slandered virtue. That you might know my remorse, I have chosen to die a slower way. I have infused into my burning veins a poison which Medea brought to Athens. The venom has touched my heart, and thrown there an unknown chill. Already I see, as through a cloud, the heavens and the husband whom my presence insults. And death in withdrawing the light from my eyes, gives back all its purity to the day which they polluted.

CHARLES READE

CHARLES READE, born in Oxfordshire, England, 1814; died 1884. He was graduated at Oxford and then studied law. But literature was his destined vocation. In 1852 he published his first story, "Peg Woffington," which won him favorable public attention. He was a prolific author, and a long list of books stand to his credit. His best book is "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Hard Cash" and "Put Yourself in His Place" were written to effect needed reforms. Both created a great sensation and accomplished their purpose.

TWO SCOTTISH FISHWOMEN

(From "Christie Johnstone")

"SAUNDERS," said Lord Ibsden, "do you know what Dr. Aberford means by the lower classes?"

"Perfectly, my lord."

"Are there any about here?"

"I am sorry to say that they are everywhere, my lord."

"Get me some."

Out went Saunders, with his usual graceful *empressement*, but with an internal shrug of the shoulders. He was absent an hour and a half; he then returned with a double expression on his face—pride at his success in diving to the very bottom of society, and contempt for what he had fished up thence. He approached his lord mysteriously, and said, *sotto voce,* but impressively, "This is low enough, my lord." Then he glided back, and ushered in, with polite disdain, two lovelier women than he had ever opened a door to in the whole course of his perfumed existence.

On their heads they wore caps of Dutch or Flemish origin, with a broad lace border, stiffened and arched over the forehead, about three inches high, leaving the brow and cheeks uncovered. They had cotton jackets on, bright red and yellow, mixed in the patterns, confined at the waist by the apron-strings but bob-tailed at the waist; short woolen petticoats with broad vertical stripes, red and white, most vivid in color; white worsted stockings, and neat though high-quartered shoes. Under their jackets they wore a thick, spotted cotton handkerchief, about one inch of which was visible round the lower part of the throat. Of their petticoats the outer one was kilted, or gathered up toward the front, and the second, of the same color, hung in the usual way.

Of these young women, one had an olive complexion, with the red blood mantling under it. and black hair and gloriously black eyebrows. The other was fair, with a massive but shapely throat, as white as milk; glossy brown hair, the loose threads of which glittered like gold; and a blue eye which, being contrasted with dark eyebrows and eyelashes, took the luminous effect peculiar to that rare beauty. Their short petticoats revealed a neat ankle and a leg with a noble swell; for nature, when she is in earnest, builds beauty on the lines of the ancient sculptors and poets, not of modern poetasters, who, with their airy-like sylphs and their smoke-like verses, fight for want of flesh in women and want of fact in poetry as parallel beauties. These women had a grand corporeal trait; they had never known a corset! So they were straight as javelins; they could lift their hands above their heads—actually! Their supple persons moved as nature intended; every gesture was ease, grace and freedom. What with their own radiance, and the snowy brightness and cleanliness of their costume, they came like meteors into the apartment.

Lord Ibsden, rising gently from his seat, with the same quiet politeness with which he would have received two princes of the blood, said, "How do you do?" and smiled a welcome.

"Fine; hoow's yoursel?" answered the dark lass, whose name was Jean Carnie, and whose voice was not so sweet as her face. "What'n lord are ye?" continued she. "Are ye a juke? I wad like fine to hae a crack wi' a juke."

Saunders, who knew himself the cause of the question, replied, *sotto voce,* "His lordship is a viscount."

"I dinna ken't," was Jean's remark; "but it has a bonny soond."

"What mair would ye hae?" said the fair beauty, whose name was Christie Johnstone. Then appealing to his lordship as the likeliest to know, she added: "Nobeelity is just a soond itsel, I'm tauld."

The viscount, finding himself expected to say something on a topic he had not much attended to, answered dryly: "We must ask the republicans; they are the people that give their minds to such subjects."

"And yon man," asked Jean Carnie, "is he a lord, too?"

"I am his lordship's servant," replied Saunders gravely, not without a secret misgiving whether fate had been just.

"Na, na!" replied she, not to be imposed upon. "Ye are statelier and prooder than this one!"

"I will explain," said his master. "Saunders knows his value; a servant like Saunders is rarer than an idle viscount."

THE FLIGHT TO THE WOOD

(From "The Cloister and the Hearth")

THE courage, like the talent, of common men runs in a narrow groove. Take them but an inch out of that, and they are done. Martin's courage was perfect as far as it went. He had met and baffled many dangers in the course of his rude life, and these familiar dangers he could face with Spartan fortitude, almost with indifference; but he had never been hunted by a bloodhound: nor had he ever seen that brute's unerring instinct baffled by human cunning. Here, then, a sense of the supernatural combined with novelty to unsteel his heart. After going a few steps, he leaned on his bow, and energy and hope oozed out of him. Gerard, to whom the danger appeared slight in proportion as it was distant, urged him to flight.

"What avails it?" said Martin, sadly; "if we get clear of the wood, we shall die cheap; here, hard by, I know a place where we may die dear."

"Alas, good Martin," cried Gerard, "despair not so quickly; there must be some way to escape."

"O Martin!" cried Margaret, "what if we were to part company? Gerard's life alone is forfeit. Is there no way to draw the pursuit on us twain, and let him go safe?"

"Girl, you know not the blood-hound's nature. He is not on this man's track or that; he is on the track of blood. My life on't they have taken him to where Ghysbrecht fell, and from the dead man's blood to the man that shed it that cursed hound will lead them, though Gerard should run through an army, or swim the Meuse." And again he leaned upon his bow, and his head sank.

The hound's mellow voice rang through the wood.

> "A cry more tunable
> Was never halloed to, nor cheered with horn,
> In Crete, in Sparta, or in Thessaly."

Strange that things beautiful should be terrible and deadly. The eye of the boa-constrictor, while fascinating its prey, is lovely. No royal crown holds such a jewel; it is a ruby with the emerald's green light playing ever upon it. Yet the deer that sees it loses all power of motion, and trembles, and awaits his death; and even so, to compare hearing with sight, this sweet and mellow sound seemed to fascinate Martin Wittenhaagen. He stood uncertain, bewildered, and unnerved. Gerard was little better now. Martin's last words had daunted him. He had struck an old man and shed his blood, and, by means of that very blood, blood's four-footed avenger was on his track. Was not the finger of Heaven in this?

Whilst the men were thus benumbed, the woman's brain was all activity. The man she loved was in danger.

"Lend me your knife," said she to Martin. He gave it her.

"But 't will be of little use in your hands," said he.

Then Margaret did a sly thing. She stepped behind Gerard, and furtively drew the knife across her arm, and made it bleed freely; then, stooping, smeared her hose and shoes; and still as the blood trickled she smeared them; but so adroitly that neither Gerard nor Martin saw. Then she seized the soldier's arm.

"Come, be a man!" she said, "and let this end. Take us to some thick place where numbers will not avail our foes."

"I am going," said Martin, sulkily. "Hurry avails not; we cannot shun the hound, and the place is hard by;" then, turning to the left, he led the way, as men go to execution.

He soon brought them to a thick hazel coppice, like the one that had favored their escape in the morning.

"There," said he, "this is but a furlong broad, but it will serve our turn."

"What are we to do?"

"Get through this and wait on the other side; then, as they come straggling through, shoot three, knock two on the head, and the rest will kill us."

"Is that all you can think of!" said Gerard.

"That is all."

"Then, Martin Wittenhaagen, I take the lead; for you have lost your head. Come, can you obey so young a man as I am?"

"O yes, Martin," cried Margaret, "do not gainsay Gerard. He is wiser than his years."

Martin yielded a sullen assent.

"Do then as you see me do," said Gerard, and, drawing his huge knife, he cut at every step a hazel shoot or two close by the ground, and, turning round, twisted them breast-high behind him among the standing shoots. Martin did the same, but with a dogged, hopeless air. When they had thus painfully traveled through the greater part of the coppice, the blood-hound's deep bay came nearer and nearer, less and less musical, louder and sterner.

Margaret trembled.

Martin went down on his stomach and listened.

"I hear a horse's feet."

"No," said Gerard. "I doubt it is a mule's. That cursed Ghysbrecht is still alive; none other would follow me up so bitterly."

"Never strike your enemy but to slay him," said Martin, gloomily.

"I'll hit harder this time, if Heaven gives me the chance," said Gerard.

At last they worked through the coppice and there was an open wood. The trees were large, but far apart, and no escape possible that way.

And now with the hound's bay mingled a score of voices, whooping and hallooing.

"The whole village is out after us," said Martin.

"I care not," said Gerard. "Listen, Martin. I have made the track smooth to the dog, but rough to the men, that we may deal with them apart. Thus the hound will gain on the men, and as soon as he comes out of the coppice we must kill him."

"The hound? There are more than one."

"I hear but one."

"Ay! but one speaks, the others run mute; but let the leading hound lose the scent, then another shall give tongue. There will be two dogs at least, or devils in dogs' hides."

"Then we must kill two instead of one. The moment they are dead, into the coppice again, and go right back."

"That is a good thought, Gerard!" said Martin, plucking up heart.

"Hush! the men are in the wood."

Gerard now gave his orders in a whisper.

"Stand you with your bow by the side of the coppice,—there in the ditch. I will go but a few yards to yon oak-tree, and hide behind it; the dogs will follow me, and, as they come out, shoot as many as you can, the rest will I brain as they come round the tree."

Martin's eye flashed. They took up their places.

The whooping and hallooing came closer and closer, and soon even the rustling of the young wood was heard, and every now and then the unerring blood-hound gave a single bay.

It was terrible! the branches rustling nearer and nearer, and the inevitable struggle for life and death coming on minute by minute, and that death-knell leading it. A trembling hand was laid on Gerard's shoulder. It made him start violently, strung up as he was.

"Martin says, if we are forced to part company, make for that high ash-tree we came in by."

"Yes! yes! yes! but go back for Heaven's sake! don't come here, all out in the open!"

She ran back towards Martin; but ere she could get to him, suddenly a huge dog burst out of the coppice, and stood erect a moment. Margaret cowered with fear, but he never noticed her. Scent was to him what sight is to us. He lowered his nose an instant, and the next moment, with an awful yell, sprang straight at Gerard's tree, and rolled head over heels dead as a stone, literally spitted by an arrow from the bow that twanged beside the coppice in Martin's hand. That same moment out came another hound, and smelt his dead comrade. Gerard rushed out at him; but, ere he could use his cudgel, a streak of white lightning seemed to strike the hound, and he grovelled in the dust, wounded desperately, but not killed, and howling piteously. Gerard had not time to despatch him; the coppice rustled too near: it seemed alive. Pointing wildly to Martin to go back, Gerard ran a few yards to the right, then crept cautiously into the thick coppice just as three men burst out. These had headed their comrades considerably; the rest were following at various distances. Gerard crawled back almost on all-fours. Instinct taught Martin and Margaret to do the same upon their line of retreat. Thus, within the distance of a few yards, the pursuers and pursued were passing one another upon opposite tracks.

A loud cry announced the discovery of the dead and the wounded hound. Then followed a babble of voices, still swelling as fresh pursuers reached the spot. The hunters, as usual on a surprise, were wasting time, and the hunted ones were making the most of it.

"I hear no more hounds," whispered Martin to Margaret, and he was himself again.

It was Margaret's turn to tremble and despair.

"O, why did we part with Gerard? They will kill my Gerard, and I not near him."

"Nay, nay! the head to catch him is not on their shoulders. You bade him meet us at the ash-tree?"

"And so I did. Bless you, Martin, for thinking of that. To the ash-tree!"

"Ay! but with less noise."

They were now nearly at the edge of the coppice, when suddenly they heard whooping and hallooing behind them. The men had satisfied themselves, the fugitives were in the coppice; and were beating back.

"No matter," whispered Martin to his trembling companion. "We shall have time to win clear and slip out of sight by hard running. Ah!"

He stopped suddenly; for just as he was going to burst out of the brushwood his eye caught a figure keeping sentinel. It was Ghysbrecht Van Swietan seated on his mule; a bloody bandage was across his nose, the bridge of which was broken; but over this his eyes peered keenly, and it was plain by their expression he had heard the fugitives rustle, and was looking out for them. Martin muttered a terrible oath, and cautiously strung his bow, then with equal caution fitted his last arrow to the string. Margaret put her hands to her face, but said nothing. She saw this man must die or Gerard. After the first impulse she peered through her fingers, her heart panting to her throat.

The bow was raised, and the deadly arrow steadily drawn to its head, when at that moment an active figure leaped on Ghysbrecht from behind, so swiftly, it was like a hawk swooping on a pigeon. A kerchief went over the burgomaster; in a turn of the hand his head was muffled in it and he was whirled from his seat and fell heavily upon the ground, where he lay groaning with terror; and Gerard jumped down after him.

"Hist, Martin! Martin!"

Martin and Margaret came out, the former open-mouthed, crying, "Now fly! fly! while they are all in the thicket; we are saved."

At this crisis, when safety seemed at hand, as fate would have it, Margaret, who had borne up so bravely till now, began to succomb, partly from loss of blood.

"O my beloved! fly," she gasped. "Leave me, for I am faint."

"No! no!" cried Gerard. "Death together, or safety. Ah! the mule! mount her, you, and I'll run by your side."

In a moment Martin was on Ghysbrecht's mule, and Gerard raised the fainting girl in his arms and placed her on the saddle, and relieved Martin of his bow.

"Help! treason! murder! murder!" shrieked Ghysbrecht, suddenly rising on his hams.

"Silence, cur," roared Gerard, and trod him down again by the throat as men crush an adder.

"Now, have you got her firm? Then fly! for our lives! for our lives!"

But even as the mule, urged suddenly by Martin's heel, scattered the flints with his hind hoofs ere he got into a canter, and even as Gerard withdrew his foot from Ghysbrecht's throat to run, Dierich Brower and his five men, who had come back for orders and heard the burgomaster's cries, burst roaring out of the coppice on them.

Speech is the familiar vent of human thoughts: but there are emotions so simple and overpowering, that they rush out not in words, but in eloquent sounds. At such moments man seems to lose his characteristics, and to be merely one of the higher animals; for these, when greatly agitated, ejaculate, though they cannot speak.

There was something terrible and truly animal both in the roar of triumph with which the pursuers burst out of the thicket on our fugitives, and the sharp cry of terror with which these latter darted away. The pursuers' hands clutched the empty air scarce two feet behind them, as they fled for life. Confused for a moment, like lions that miss their spring, Dierich and his men let Gerard and the mule put ten yards between them. Then they flew after with uplifted weapons. They were sure of catching them; for this was not the first time the parties had measured speed. In the open ground they had gained visibly on the three this morning, and now, at last, it was a fair race again, to be settled by speed alone. A hundred yards were covered in no time; yet still there remained these ten yards between the pursuers and the pursued.

This increase of speed since the morning puzzled Dierich Brower. The reason was this. When three run in company, the pace is that of the slowest of the three. From Peter's house to the edge of the forest Gerard ran Margaret's pace; but now he ran his own; for the mule was fleet, and could have left them all far behind. Moreover, youth and chaste living began to tell. Daylight grew imperceptibly between the hunted ones and the hunters. Then Dierich made a desperate effort, and gained two yards, but in a few seconds Gerard had stolen them quietly back. The pursuers began to curse.

Martin heard, and his face lighted up. "Courage, Gerard! courage, brave lad! they are straggling."

It was so. Dierich was now headed by one of his men, and another dropped into the rear altogether.

They came to a rising ground, not sharp, but long;

and here youth and grit and sober living told more than ever.

Ere he reached the top, Dierich's forty years weighed him down like forty bullets. "Our cake is dough," he gasped. "Take him dead, if you can't alive;" and he left running, and followed at a foot's pace. Jorian Ketel tailed off next; and then another, and so, one by one, Gerard ran them all to a stand-still, except one who kept on, stanch as a bloodhound, though losing ground every minute. His name, if I am not mistaken, was Eric Wouverman. Followed by him, they came to a rise in the wood, shorter, but much steeper than the last.

"Hand on mane!" cried Martin.

Gerard obeyed, and the mule helped him up the hill faster than he was running before.

At the sight of this manœuvre, Dierich's man lost heart, and, being now fully eighty yards behind Gerard, and rather more than that in advance of his nearest comrade, he pulled up short, and, in obedience to Dierich's order, took down his crossbow, levelled it deliberately, and, just as the trio were sinking out of sight over the crest of the hill, sent the bolt whizzing among them.

There was a cry of dismay; and next moment, as if a thunderbolt had fallen on them, they were all lying on the ground, mule and all.

The effect was so sudden and magical that the shooter himself was stupefied for an instant. Then he haled his companions to join him in effecting the capture, and himself set off up the hill; but, ere he had got half-way, up rose the figure of Martin Wittenhaagen with a bent bow in his hand. Eric Wouverman no sooner saw him in this attitude than he darted behind a tree, and made himself as small as possible. Martin's skill with that weapon was well known, and the slain dog was a keen reminder of it.

Wouverman peered round the bark cautiously; there was the arrow's point still aimed at him. He saw it shine. He dared not move from his shelter.

When he had been at peep-bo some minutes, his companions came up in great force.

Then, with a scornful laugh, Martin vanished, and presently was heard to ride off on the mule.

All the men ran up together. The high ground commanded a view of a narrow but almost interminable glade.

They saw Gerard and Margaret running along at a prodigious distance; they looked like gnats; and Martin galloping after them *ventre à terre.*

The hunters were outwitted as well as outrun. A few words will explain Martin's conduct. We arrive at causes by noting coincidences; yet, now and then, coincidences are deceitful. As we have all seen a hare tumble over a brier just as the gun went off, and so raise expectations, then dash them to earth by scudding away untouched, so the burgomaster's mule put her foot in a rabbit-hole at or about the time the cross-bow bolt whizzed innocuous over her head; she fell and threw both her riders. Gerard caught Margaret, but was carried down by her weight and impetus; and, behold, the soil was strewed with *dramatis personæ.*

The docile mule was up again directly, and stood trembling. Martin was next, and, looking round, saw there was but one in pursuit: on this he made the young lovers fly on foot, while he checked the enemy as I have recorded.

He now galloped after his companions, and when, after a long race, he caught them, he instantly put Gerard and Margaret on the mule, and ran by their side till his breath failed, then took his turn to ride; and so in rotation. Thus the runner was always fresh, and, long ere they relaxed their speed, all sound and trace of them was hopelessly lost to

Dierich and his men. These latter went crestfallen back to look after their chief and their winged bloodhound.

Life and liberty, while safe, are little thought of; for why? they are matters of course. Endangered, they are rated at their real value. In this, too, they are like sunshine, whose beauty men notice not at noon when it is greatest, but towards evening when it lies in flakes of topaz under shady elms. Yet it is feebler then; but gloom lies beside it, and contrast reveals its fire. Thus Gerard and Margaret, though they started at every leaf that rustled louder than its fellows, glowed all over with joy and thankfulness as they glided among the friendly trees in safety and deep tranquil silence, baying dogs and brutal voices yet ringing in their minds' ears.

THE RESCUE

(From "Christie Johnstone")

RICHARD, Lord Viscount Ipsden, having dotted the sea-shore with sentinels, to tell him of Lady Barbara's approach, awaited his guest in the "Peacock;" but, as Gatty was a little behind time, he placed Saunders sentinel over the "Peacock," and strolled eastward; as he came out of the "Peacock," Mrs. Gatty came down the little hill in front, and also proceeded eastward; meantime Lady Barbara and her escort were not far from the New Town of Newhaven, on their way from Leith.

Mrs. Gatty came down, merely with a vague fear. She had no reason to suppose her son's alliance with Christie either would or could be renewed, but she was a careful player and would not give a chance away; she found he was gone out unusually early, so she came straight to the only place she dreaded; it was her son's last day in Scotland. She had packed his clothes, and he had inspired her with confidence by arranging pictures, etc., himself; she had no idea he was packing for his departure from this life, not Edinburgh only.

She came then to Newhaven with no serious misgivings, for, even if her son had again vacillated, she saw that, with Christie's pride and her own firmness, the game must be hers in the end; but, as I said before, she was one who played her cards closely, and such seldom lose.

But my story is with the two young fishwives, who, on their return from Leith, found themselves at the foot of the New Town, Newhaven, some minutes before any of the other persons who, it is to be observed, were approaching it from different points; they came slowly in, Christie in particular, with a listlessness she had never known till last week; for some days her strength had failed her,—it was Jean that carried the creel now,—before, Christie, in the pride of her strength, would always do more than her share of their joint labor: then she could hardly be forced to eat, and what she did eat was quite tasteless to her, and sleep left her, and in its stead came uneasy slumbers, from which she awoke quivering from head to foot.

Oh! perilous venture of those who love one object with the whole heart.

This great but tender heart was breaking day by day.

Well, Christie and Jean, strolling slowly into the New Town of Newhaven, found an assemblage of the natives all looking seaward; the fishermen, except Sandy Liston, were away at the herring fishery, but all the boys and women of the New Town were collected; the girls felt a momentary curiosity; it proved, however, to be only an individual swimming in towards shore from a greater distance than usual.

A little matter excites curiosity in such places.

The man's head looked like a spot of ink.

Sandy Liston was minding his own business, lazily mending a skait-net, which he had attached to a crazy old herring-boat hauled up to rot.

Christie sat down, pale and languid, by him, on a creepie that a lass who had been baiting a line with mussels had just vacated; suddenly she seized Jean's arm with a convulsive motion; Jean looked up,—it was the London steamboat running out from Leith to Granton Pier to take up her passengers for London. Charles Gatty was going by that boat; the look of mute despair the poor girl gave went to Jean's heart; she ran hastily from the group, and cried out of sight for poor Christie.

A fishwife, looking through a telescope at the swimmer, remarked: "He's coming in fast; he's a gallant swimmer yon——"

"Can he dee 't?" inquired Christie of Sandy Liston.

"Fine thaat," was the reply; "he does it aye o' Sundays when ye are at the kirk."

"It's no oot o' the kirk-window ye'll hae seen him, Sandy, my mon,' said a young fishwife.

"Run for my glass ony way, Flucker," said Christie, forcing herself to take some little interest.

Flucker brought it to her, she put her hand on his shoulder, got slowly up, and stood on the creepie, and adjusted the focus of her glass; after a short view, she said to Flucker:

"Rin and see the nock." She then leveled her glass again at the swimmer.

Flucker informed her the nock said "half eleven," —Scotch for "half-past ten."

Christie whipped out a well-thumbed almanac.

"Yon nock's aye ahint," said she. She swept the sea once more with her glass, then brought it together with a click, and jumped off the stool: her quick intelligence viewed the matter differently from all the others.

"Noow," cried she, smartly, "wha'll lend me his yawl?"

"Hets! dinna be sae interferin', lassie," said a fishwife.

"Hae nane o' ye ony spunk?" said Christie, taking no notice of the woman. "Speak, laddies!"

"M' uncle's yawl is at the pier-head; ye'll get her, my woman," said a boy.

"A schell'n for wha's first on board," said Christie, holding up the coin.

"Come awa', Flucker, we'll hae her schell'n;" and these two worthies instantly effected a false start.

"It's no under your jackets," said Christie, as she dashed after them like the wind.

"Haw! haw! haw!" laughed Sandy.

"What's her business picking up a mon against his will ?" said a woman.

"She's an awfu' lassie," whined another.

The examination of the swimmer was then continued, and the crowd increased; some would have it he was rapidly approaching, others that he made little or no way.

"Wha est ?" aid another.

"It's a lummy," said a girl.

"Na! it's no a lummy," said another.

Christie's boat was now seen standing out from the pier. Sandy Liston, casting a contemptuous look on all the rest, lifted himself lazily into the herring-boat and looked seaward. His manner changed in a moment.

"The deuce!" cried he; "the tide's turned! You wi' your glass, could you no see yon man's drifting oot to sea?"

"Hech!" cried the women, "he'll be drooned,—he'll be drooned!"

"Yes; he'll be drooned!" cried Sandy, "if yon lassie does na come alongside him deevelich quick—he's sair spent, I doot."

Two spectators were now added to the scene, Mrs. Gatty and Lord Ipsden. Mrs. Gatty inquired what was the matter.

"It's a mon drooning," was the reply.

The poor fellow, whom Sandy, by aid of his glass, now discovered to be in a worn-out condition, was about half a mile east of Newhaven pier-head, and unfortunately the wind was nearly due east. Christie was standing north-northeast, her boat-hook jammed against the sail, which stood as flat as a knife.

The natives of the Old Town were now seen pouring down to the pier and the beach, and strangers were collecting like bees.

"After wit is everybody's wit!"—Old Proverb.

The affair was in the Johnstone's hands.

"That boat is not going to the poor man," said Mrs. Gatty, "it is turning its back upon him."

"She canna lie in the wind's eye, for as clever as she is," answered a fishwife.

"I ken what it is," suddenly squeaked a little fishwife; "it's Christie Johnstone's lad; it's yon daft painter fr' England. Hech!" cried she, suddenly, observing Mrs. Gatty, "it's your son, woman!"

The unfortunate woman gave a fearful scream, and, flying like a tiger on Liston, commanded him "to go straight out to sea and save her son."

Jean Carnie seized her arm. "Div ye see yon boat?" cried she; "and div ye mind Christie, the lass wha's hairt ye hae broken? aweel, woman,—*it's just a race between death and Cirsty Johnstone for your son!*"

The poor old woman swooned dead away; they carried her into Christie Johnstone's house, and laid her down, then hurried back—the greater terror absorbed the less.

Lady Barbara Sinclair was there from Leith; and, seeing Lord Ipsden standing in the boat with a fisherman, she asked him to tell her what it was; neither he nor any one answered her.

"Why doesn't she come about, Liston?" cried Lord Ipsden, stamping with anxiety and impatience.

"She'll no be lang," said Sandy; "but they'll mak a mess o' 't wi' ne'er a man i' the boat."

"Ye're sure o' thaat?" put in a woman.

"Ay, about she comes," said Liston, as the sail came down on the first tack. He was mistaken; they dipped the lug as cleverly as any man in the town could.

"Hech! look at her hauling on the rope like a mon," cried a woman. The sail flew up on the other tack.

"She's an awfu' lassie!" whined another.

"He's awa," groaned Liston, "he's doon!"

"No! he's up again," cried Lord Ipsden; "but I fear he can't live till the boat comes to him."

The fisherman and the Viscount held on by each other.

"He does na see her, or maybe he'd take hairt."

"I'd give ten thousand pounds if only he could see her. My God, the man will be drowned under our eyes. If he but saw her!"

The words had hardly left Lord Ipsden's lips when the sound of a woman's voice came like an Æolian note across the water.

"Hurraih!" roared Liston, and every creature joined the cheer.

"She'll no let him dee. Ah! she's in the bows, hailing him an' waving the lad's bonnet ower her head to gie him coorage. Gude bless ye, lass; Gude bless ye!"

Christie knew it was no use hailing him against the wind, but the moment she got the wind she darted into the bows, and pitched in its highest key her full and brilliant voice; after a moment of suspense she received proof that she must be heard by him, for on the pier now hung men and women, clustered like bees, breathless with anxiety, and the moment after she hailed the drowning man, she saw and heard a wild yell of applause burst from the pier, and the pier was more distant than the man. She snatched Flucker's cap, planted her foot on the gunwale, held on by a rope, hailed the poor fellow again, and waved the cap round and round her head to give him courage; and in a moment, at the sight of this, thousands of voices thundered back their cheers to her across the water. Blow, wind—spring, boat—and you, Christie, still ring life towards those despairing ears, and wave hope to those sinking eyes; cheer the boat on, you thousands that look upon this action; hurrah! from the pier; hurrah! from the town; hurrah! from the shore; hurrah! now, from the very ships in the roads, whose crews are swarming on the yards to look; five minutes ago they laughed at you; three thousand eyes and hearts hang upon you now—ay, these are the moments we live for!

And now dead silence. The boat is within fifty yards, they are all three consulting together round the mast; an error now is death; his forehead only seems above the water.

"If they miss him on that tack?" said Lord Ipsden, significantly, to Liston.

"He'll never see London Brigg again," was the whispered reply.

They carried on till all on shore thought they would run over him, or past him; but no, at ten yards distant they were all at the sail, and had it down like lightning; and then Flucker sprang to the bows, the other boy to the helm.

Unfortunately, there were but two Johnstones in the boat; and this boy, in his hurry, actually put the helm to port, instead of to starboard. Christie, who stood amidships, saw the error; she sprang aft, flung the boy from the helm, and jammed it hard-a-starboard with her foot. The boat answered the helm, but too late for Flucker; the man was four yards from him as the boat drifted by.

"He's a deed mon!" cried Liston, on shore.

The boat's length gave one more little chance; the afterpart must drift near him—thanks to Christie. Flucker flew aft; flung himself on his back, and seized his sister's petticoats.

"Fling yourself ower the gunwale," screamed he. "Ye'll no hurt; I'se haud ye."

She flung herself boldly over the gunwale; the man was sinking; her nails touched his hair, her fingers entangled themselves in it, she gave him a powerful wrench and brought him alongside; the boys pinned him like wild-cats.

Christie darted away forward to the mast, passed a rope round it, threw it the boys; in a moment it was under his shoulders. Christie hauled on it from the fore thwart, the boys lifted him, and they tumbled him, grasping and gurgling like a dying salmon, into the bottom of the boat, and flung net and jackets and sail over him, to keep the life in him.

Ah! draw your breath, all hands at sea and ashore, and don't try it again, young gentleman, for there was nothing to spare; when you were missed at the bow two stout hearts quivered for you; Lord Ipsden hid his face in his two hands, Sandy Liston gave a groan, and, when you were grabbed astern, jumped out of his boat, and cried:

"A gill o' the best for ony favor, for it's turned me as seeck as a doeg!" He added: "He may bless yon lassie's fowr banes, for she's taen him oot o' Death's maw, as sure as Gude's in heaven!"

Lady Barbara, who had all her life been longing to see perilous adventures, prayed, and trembled, and cried most piteously; and Lord Ipsden's back was to her, and he paid no attention to her voice; but when the battle was won, and Lord Ipsden turned and saw her, she clung to his arm and dried her tears; and then the Old Town cheered the boat, and the New Town cheered the boat, and the towns cheered each other; and the Johnstones, lad and lass, set their sail, and swept back in triumph to the pier; so then Lady Barbara's blood mounted and tingled in her veins like fire. "O, how noble!" cried she.

"Yes, dearest," said Ipsden. "You have seen something great done at last; and by a woman, too!"

"Yes," said Barbara, "how beautiful! oh! how beautiful it all is! Only the next one I see I should like the danger to be over first, that is all."

The boys and Christie, the moment they have saved Gatty, up sail again for Newhaven. They landed in about three minutes at the pier.

JOSEPH ERNEST RENAN

Joseph Ernest Renan, French philologist, born at Tréguier, France, in 1823; died at Paris in 1892. He spent much time in the East and explored the Isles of Tyre, Sidon, and the Lebanon. In 1848 he gained the Volney prize for an essay on semitic language, and later one of Mediæval Greek, that was crowned by the Institute. In 1860 he was sent to Syria by the government. His writings dealt mostly with Oriental Literature, life and customs.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

(From "The Life of Jesus")

BY an exceptional destiny pure Christianity still presents itself, at the end of eighteen centuries, with the character of a universal and eternal religion. It is because the religion of Jesus is, in fact, in some respects the final religion; the fruit of a perfectly spontaneous movement of souls. Free at its birth from every dogmatic restraint, having struggled three hundred years for liberty of conscience, Christianity, in spite of the falls which followed, still gathers the fruits of this surpassing origin. To renew itself it has only to turn to the Gospel. The kingdom of God, as we conceive it, is widely different from the supernatural apparition which the first Christians expected to see burst forth in the clouds. But the sentiment which Jesus introduced into the world is really ours. His perfect idealism is the highest rule of unworldly and virtuous life. He has created that heaven of free souls in which is found what we ask in vain on earth—the perfect nobility of the children of God, absolute purity, total abstraction from the contamination of the world; that freedom, in short, which material society shuts out as an impossibility, and which finds all its amplitude only in the domain of thought. The great Master of those who take refuge in this kingdom of God is Jesus still. He first proclaimed the kingliness of the Spirit; he first said, at least by his acts, "My kingdom is not of this world." After him there is nothing more but to develop and fructify.

JEAN P. F. RICHTER

Jean Paul Richter, famous German author, born at Wunsiedel, near Baireuth, in 1763; died in Baireuth in 1825. He studied at Hof and at the University of Leipsic. His early years was a long struggle with poverty, and he supported himself by tutoring in various families. He published his first book in 1783 and by 1804 he was so famous that he received a pension. His works are remarkable for their wit, lofty ideals and a high moral tone, but some of them are so involved that a special book has been written to unravel their meaning. His works fill sixty-five volumes.

CHILDREN

THE inner man, like the negro, is born white, but is colored black by life. In advanced age the grandest moral examples pass by us, and our life-course is no more altered by them than the earth is by a flitting comet; but in childhood the first object that excites the sentiment of love or of injustice flings broad and deep its light or shadow over the coming years; and as, according to ancient theologians, it was only the first sin of Adam, not his subsequent ones, which descended to us by inheritance, so that since the One Fall we make the rest for ourselves, in like manner the first fall and the first ascent influence the whole life.

HOW CHILDREN LEARN TO WORSHIP

Sublimity is the staircase to the temple of religion, as the stars are to immensity. When the vast is manifested in nature, as in a storm, thunder, the starry firmament, death, then utter the name of God before your child. Signal calamity, rare success, a great crime, a noble action, are the spots upon which to erect the child's tabernacle of worship.

Always exhibit before children, even upon the borders of the holy land of religion, solemn and devout emotions. These will extend to them, unveiling at length the objects by which they are excited, though at the beginning they are awe-struck with you, not knowing wherefore. Newton, who uncovered his head when the greatest name was pronounced, thus became without words, a teacher of religion to children.

Instead of carrying children frequently to public worship, I should prefer simply to conduct them upon great days in nature or in human life into the empty church, and there show them the holy place of adults. To this I might add twilight, night, the organ, the hymn, the priest, exhortation; and so by a mere walk through the building, a more serious impression might remain in their young hearts than after a whole year of common church routine. Let every hour in which their hearts are consecrated to religion, be to them as absorbing as that in which they partake for the first time of the Lord's Supper.

Let the Protestant child show reverence to the Catholic images of saints by the road-side—the same as to the ancient Druidical oak of his ancestors. Let him as lovingly accept different forms of religion among men, as different languages, wherein there is still but one human mind expressed. Every genius has most power in his own tongue, and every heart in its own religion.

SUSCEPTIBILITY OF THE SENSES

Who has not felt with me, that frequently a rural nosegay, which was our delight when we were children in the village, through its old fragrance produces for us in cities, in the advanced years of manhood, an indescribably rapturous return to godlike childhood, and like a flowery divinity wafts us upward to the first encircling aurora-cloud of our earliest obscure sensations. But could such a remembrance so forcibly surprise us, were not the child's perception of flowers most powerful and interior?

JOYOUSNESS

How should it be otherwise? I can bear a melancholy man, but never a melancholy child. Into whatever quagmire the former sinks, he may raise his eyes either to the realm of reason or to that of hope; but the little child sinks and perishes in a single black poison-drop of the present time. Only imagine a child conducted to the scaffold—Cupid in a German coffin—or fancy a butterfly crawling like a caterpillar with his four wings pulled off, and you will feel what I mean.

TOYS

You need not surround your children, like those of the nobility, with a little world of turner's toys. Let their eggs be white, not figured and painted; they can dress them out of their own imaginations. On the contrary, the older man grows, the larger reality appears. The fields which glisten for the young with the morning dew of love's brightness, chill the gray half-blind old man with heavy evening damps, and at last he requires an entire world, even the second, barely to live in.

TRUTH

Truthfulness is not so much a branch as a blossom of moral, manly strength. The weak, whether they will or not, must lie. As respects children, for the first five years they utter neither truth nor falsehood—they only speak. Their talk is thinking aloud; and as one-half of their thought is often an affirmative, and the other a negative, and, unlike us, both escape from them, they seem to lie, while they are only talking with themselves. Besides, at first they love to sport with their new art of speech; and so talk nonsense merely to hear themselves. Often they do not understand your question, and give an erroneous, rather than a false reply. We may ask, besides, whether, when children seem to imagine and falsify, they are not often relating their remembered dreams, which necessarily blend in them with actual experience.

Children everywhere fly on the warm, sunny side of hope. They say, when the bird or the dog has escaped from them, without any reason for the expectation—"he will come back again soon." And since they are incapable of distinguishing hope, that is, imagination, from reflection or truth, their self-delusion consequently assumes the appearance of falsehood. For instance, a truthful little girl described to me various appearances of a Christ child, telling what it had said and done. In all those cases in which we do not desire to mirror before the child the black image of a lie, it is sufficient to say, "Be sober, have done with play."

Finally, we must distinguish between untruths relating to the future and the past. We do not attribute to a grown man who breaks his word in reference to some future performance that blackness of perjury which we charge on him who falsifies what has been already done; so with children, before whose brief vision time, like space, is immeasurable, and who are as unable to look through a day, as we through a year, we should widely separate untruthfulness of promise from untruthfulness of assertion

Truth is a divine blossom upon an earthly root; of course, it is in time not the earliest, but the latest virtue.

REVERENCE FOR LIFE

Only place all life before the child as within the realm of humanity, and thus the greater reveals to him the less. Put life and soul into everything; describe to him even the lily, which he would pull up as an unorganized thing, as the daughter of a slender mother, standing in her garden-bed, from whom her little white offspring derives nutriment and moisture. And let not this be done to excite an empty enervated habit of pity, a sort of inoculation-hospital for foreign pains, but from the religious cultivation of reverence for life, the God all-moving in the treetop and the human brain. The love of animals, like maternal affections, has this advantage, that it is disinterested and claims no return, and can also at every moment find an object and an opportunity for its exercise.

STRAY THOUGHTS

(Translated by T. De Quincy)

COMPLAINT of the Bird in a Darkened Cage.—"Ah!" the imprisoned bird, "how unhappy were I in my eternal night, but for those melodious tones which sometimes make their way to me like beams of light from afar, and cheer my gloomy day. But I will myself repeat these heavenly melodies like an echo, until I have stamped them in my heart; and then I shall be able to bring comfort to myself in my darkness!" Thus spoke the little warbler, and soon had learned the sweet airs that were sung to it with voice and instrument. That done, the curtain was raised; for the darkness had been purposely contrived to assist in its instruction. O man! how often dost thou complain of overshadowing grief and of darkness resting upon thy days! And yet what cause for complaint, unless indeed thou hast failed to learn wisdom from suffering? For is not the whole sum of human life a veiling and an obscuring of the immortal spirit of man? Then first, when the fleshly curtain falls away, may it soar upwards into a region of happier melodies!

On the Death of Young Children.—Ephemera die all at sunset, and no insect of this class has ever sported in the beams of the morning sun. Happier are ye, little human ephemera! Ye played only in the ascending beams, and in the early dawn, and in the eastern light; ye drank only of the prelibations of life; hovered for a little space over a world of freshness and of blossoms; and fell asleep in innocence, before yet the morning dew was exhaled!

The Prophetic Dew-Drops.—A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining, on a hot morning, that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers, like other happier dew-drops, that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight and through the morning onwards to noonday: "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat—or swallowed them in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow; whereupon his father pointed upwards. "See," said he, "there stand thy dew-drops gloriously re-set—a glittering jewelry—in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught, that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words: for soon after, the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop into heaven.

Female Tongues.—Hippil, the author of the book "Upon Marriage," says: "A woman that does not talk must be a stupid woman." But Hippil is an author whose opinions it is more safe to admire than to adopt. The most intelligent women are often silent amongst women; and again, the most stupid and the most silent are often neither one nor the other, except amongst men. In general, the current remark upon men is valid also with respect to women—that those for the most part are the greatest thinkers who are the least talkers; as frogs cease to croak when *light* is brought to the water edge. However, in fact, the disproportionate talking of women arises out of the sedentariness of their labors: sedentary artisans—as tailors, shoemakers, weavers—have this habit, as well as hypochondriacal tendencies, in common with women. Apes do not talk, as savages say, that they may not be set to work; but women often talk double their share—even *because* they work.

Forgiveness.—Nothing is more moving to man than the spectacle of reconciliation. Our weaknesses are thus indemnified, and are not too costly—being the price we pay for the hour of forgiveness: and the archangel, who has never felt anger, has reason to envy the man who subdues it. When thou forgivest, the man who has pierced thy heart stands to thee in the relation of the sea-worm that perforates the shell of the mussel, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.

Great Men.—The graves of the best men, of the noblest martyrs, are like the graves of the Herrnhuters (the Moravian Brethren)—level, and undistinguishable from the universal earth; and if the earth could give up her secrets, our whole globe would appear a Westminster Abbey laid flat. Ah! what a multitude of tears, what myriads of bloody drops have been shed in secrecy about the three corner-trees of earth—the tree of life, the tree of knowledge, and the tree of freedom—shed, but never reckoned! It is only great periods of calamity that reveal to us our great men, as comets are revealed by total eclipses of the sun. Not merely upon the field of battle, but also upon the consecrated soil of virtue—and upon the classic ground of truth, thousans of *nameless* heroes must fall and struggle to build up the footstool from which history surveys the *one* hero, whose name is embalmed, bleeding—conquering—and resplendent. The grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy. And because history records only the self-sacrifrces of the male sex, and because she dips her pen only in blood—therefore is it that, in the eyes of the unseen spirit of the world, our annals appear doubtless far more beautiful and noble than in our own.

The Grandeur of Man in His Littleness.—Man upon this earth would be vanity and hollowness, dust and ashes, vapor and a bubble—were it not that he felt himself to be so. That it is possible for him to harbor such a feeling—*this,* by implying a comparison of himself with something higher in himself, *this* is it which makes him the immortal creature that he is.

Night.—The earth is every day overspread with the veil of night, for the same reason as the cages of birds are darkened—viz., that we may the more readily apprehend the higher harmonies of thought, in the hush and quiet of darkness. Thoughts, which day turns into smoke and mist, stand about us in the night, as lights and flames; even as the column which fluctuates above the crater of Vesuvius, in the daytime appears a pillar of cloud, but by night a pillar of fire.

The Stars.—Look up, and behold the eternal fields of light that lie round about the throne of God. Had no star ever appeared in the heavens, to man there would have been no heavens; and he would have laid himself down to his last sleep, in a spirit of anguish, as upon a gloomy earth vaulted over by a material arch—solid and impervious.

Martyrdom.—To die for truth—is not to die for one's country, but to die for the world. Truth, like the Venus di Medici, will pass down in thirty fragments to posterity; but posterity will collect and recompose them into a goddess. Then also thy temple, O eternal Truth! that now stands half below the earth—made hollow by the sepulchers of its witnesses, will raise itself in the total majesty of its proportions; and will stand in monumental granite; and every pillar on which it rests will be fixed in the grave of a martyr.

The Quarrels of Friends.—Why is it that the most fervent love becomes more fervent by brief interruption and reconciliation? and why must a storm agitate our affections before they can raise the highest rainbow of peace? Ah! for this reason it is—because all passions feel their object to be as eternal as themselves, and no love can admit the feeling that the beloved object should die. And under this feeling of imperishableness it is, that we, hard fields of ice, shock together so harshly, whilst all the while, under the sunbeams of a little space of seventy years, we are rapidly dissolving.

Dreaming.—But for dreams, that lay Mosaic worlds tesselated with flowers and jewels before the blind sleeper, and surround the recumbent living with the figures of the dead in the upright attitude of life, the time would be too long before we are allowed to rejoin our brothers, parents, friends: every year we should become more and more painfully sensible of the desolation made around us by death, if sleep—the ante-chamber of the grave—were not hung by dreams with the busts of those who live in the other world.

Dignity of Man in Self-Sacrifice.—That for which man offers up his blood or his property must be more valuable than they. A good man does not fight with half the courage for his own life that he shows in the protection of another's. The mother, who will hazard nothing for herself, will hazard all in defence of her child; in short, only for the nobility within us—only for virtue, will man open his veins and offer up his spirit: but this nobility—this virtue—presents different phases: with the Christian martyr, it is faith; with the savage, it is honor; with the republican, it is liberty.

Fancy.—Fancy can lay only the past and the future under her copying paper; and every actual presence of the object sets limits to her power: just as water .distilled from roses, according to the old naturalists, lost its power exactly at the periodical blooming of the rose.

Derham remarks, in his Physico-theology, that the deaf hear best in the midst of noise; as, for instance, during the ringing of bells, &c. This must be the reason that the thundering of drums, cannons, &c., accompany the entrance into cities of princes and ministers, who are generally rather deaf, in order that they may the better hear the petitions and complaints of the people.

* * *

ANNE ISABELLA RITCHIE

Anne Isabella (Thackeray) Ritchie, English novelist, was born in London in 1837. She was the daughter of William Makepeace Thackeray, and her father dictated many of his later works to her. Literature was her passion, and in 1863 she entered the circle of authors with "The Story of Elizabeth," a book that showed much talent. One or two other stories followed, but it was not until she wrote "Old Kensington," in 1873, that she became really famous. It is one of the best books dealing with English domestic life that has been printed.

BRICKS AND IVY

(From "Old Kensington." Published by Harper & Brothers)

A QUARTER of a century ago, the shabby tide of progress had not spread to the quiet old suburb where Lady Sarah Francis's brown house was standing, with its many windows dazzling, as the sun travelers across the old-fashioned house-tops to set into a distant sea of tenements and echoing life. The roar did not reach the old house. The children could listen to the cawing of the rooks, to the echo of the hours, as they struck on from one day to another, vibrating from the old brown tower of the church. At night the strokes seemed to ring more slowly than in the day. Little Dolly Vanborough, Lady Sarah's niece, thought each special hour had its voice. The church clock is silent now, but the rooks caw on undisturbed from one spring to another in the old Kensington suburb. There are tranquil corners still, and sunny silent nooks, and ivy wreaths growing in the western sun; and jasmines and vine-trees, planted by a former generation, spreading along the old garden walls. But every year the shabby stream of progress rises and engulfs one relic or another, carrying off many and many a landmark and memory. Last year only the old church was standing, in its iron cage, at the junction of the thoroughfares. It was the Church of England itself to Dolly and George Vanborough, in those early church-going days of theirs. There was the old painting of the lion and the unicorn hanging from the gallery; the light streaming through the brown saints over the communion table. In after life the children may have seen other saints more glorious in crimson and in purple, nobler piles and arches; but none of them have ever seemed so near to heaven as the old Queen Anne building, and the wooden pew with its high stools, through which elbows of straw were protruding, where they used to kneel on either side of their aunt, watching with awe-stricken faces the tears as they came falling from the widow's sad eyes.

Lady Sarah could scarcely have told you the meaning of those tears as they fell: old love and life partings, sorrows and past mercies, all came returning to her with the familiar words of prayers. The tears fell bright and awe-stricken as she thought of the present, of distances immeasurable, of life and its inconceivable mystery; and then her heart would warm with hope perhaps of what might be to come, of the overwhelming possibilities—how many of them to her lay in the warm clasp of the child's hand that came pushing into hers! For her, as for the children, heaven's state was in the old wooden pew. Then the sing-song of the hymn would flood the old church with its homely cadence.

"Prepare your glad voices;
Let Hisreal rejoice."

sang the little charity children; poor little Israelites, with blue stockings, and funny woolen knobs to their fustian caps, rejoicing, though their pastures were not green as yet, nor was their land overflowing with milk and honey. However, they sang praises for others, as all people do at times; thanks be to the merciful dispensation that allows us to weep to work to be comforted and to rejoice with one another's hearts consciously or unconsciously, as long as life exists.

Every lane and corner and archway had a childish story for Dolly and her brother; for Dolly most especially because girls cling more to the inanimate aspects of life than boys do. For Dolly the hawthorn bleeds as it is laid low, and is transformed year after year into iron railings and areas; for particulars of which you are requested to apply to the railway company, and to Mr. Taylor, the house-agent.

In those days the lanes spread to Fulham, white with blossom in spring, or golden with the yellow London sunsets that blazed beyond the cabbage fields. In those days there were gardens and trees and great walls along the high-road that came from London, passing through the old white turnpike. There were high brown walls along Kensington Gardens, reaching to the Palace Gate; elms spread their shade, and birds chirruped, and children played behind them.

Dolly Vanborough and her brother had many a game there, and knew every corner and haunt of this sylvan world of children and ducks and nurse-maids. They had knocked their noses against the old sundial many and many a time. Sometimes now, as she comes walking along the straight avenues, Dolly thinks she can hear the echo of their own childish voices whooping and calling to one another as they used to do. How often they had played with their big cousin, Robert Henley, and the little Morgans, round about the stately orange-house, and made believe to be statues in the niches!

"I am Apollo," cries George Vanborough, throwing himself into an attitude.

"Apollo!" cried Robert, exploding with schoolboy wit; "an Apollo-guy, you mean."

Dolly does not understand why the Morgan boys laugh, and George blushes up furiously. When they are tired of jumping about in the sun, the statues straggle homeward, accompanied by Dolly's French governess, who has been reading a novel on a bench close by. They pass along the front of the Palace, that stands blinking its sleepy windows across elmy vistas, or into tranquil courts where sentries go pacing. Robert has his grandmother living in the Palace, and he strides off across the court to her apartments. The children think she is a witch and always on the watch for them, though they do not tell Robert so. The Morgans turn up Old street, and George and Dolly escort them so far on their way home. It is a shabby brown street, with shops at one end, and old-fashioned houses, stone-stepped, bow-windowed, at the other. Dear Old street! where an echo still lingers of the quaint and stately music of the past, of which the voice comes to us like a song of Mozart sounding above the dreamy flutterings of a Wagner of the present! Little Zoë Morgan would linger to peep at the parrot that lived next door in the area, with the little page-boy, who always winked at them as they went by; little Cassie would glance wistfully at a certain shop-front where various medals and crosses were exposed for sale. There were even in those days convents and Catholics established at Kensington, and this little repository had been opened for their use.

When they had seen the little Morgans safe into their old brown house,—very often it is John Morgan who comes to the door to admit them (John is the eldest son, the curate, the tutor, the mainstay of the straggling establishment),—Dolly and her brother trudge home through the Square, followed by Mademoiselle, still lost in her novel. The lilacs are flowering behind the rusty rails. The children know every flagstone and window; they turn up a little shabby passage of narrow doorways and wide-eaved roofs, and so get out into the high-road again. They look up with friendly recognition at the little boy and girl, in their quaint Dutch garb, standing on their pedestals above the crowd as it passes the Vestry-hall; then they turn down a sunshiny spring lane, where ivy is growing, and brown bricks are twinkling in the western sunshine; and they ring at a gateway where an iron bell is swung. The house is called Church House, and all its windows look upon gardens, along which sunshine comes flowing. The light used to fill Dolly's slanting wooden schoolroom at the top of the house. When the bells were ringing, and the sun flood came in and made shadows on the wall, it used to seem to her like a chapel full of music.

George wanted to make an altar one day, and to light Lady Sarah's toilet candles, and to burn the sandlewood matches; but Dolly, who was a little Puritan, blew the matches out and carried the candles back to their places.

"I shall go over to the Morgans," said George, "since you are so disagreeable." Whether Dolly was agreeable or not, this was what George was pretty sure to do.

F. DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

François La Rochefoucauld, prince of Massillac, born in Paris, 1613; died 1680. His earlier life was passed in camp and court intrigues, which indirectly fitted him for producing the books upon which his fame rests. He took the side of Anne of Austria against Cardinal Richelieu, and was banished, but returned after the Cardinal's death. "Reflections or Sentences and Moral Maxims" has the keeping of his literary reputation. That self-love is the motive of all human actions, is the central idea of this work.

ON CONVERSATION

THE reason why so few people are agreeable in conversation is, that every one thinks more of what he wishes to say than of what others say. We should listen to those who speak, if we would be listened to by them; we should allow them to make themselves understood, and even to say pointless things. Instead of contradicting or interrupting them, as we often do, we ought on the contrary to enter into their mind and into their taste, show that we understand them, praise what they say so far as it deserves to be praised, and make them see that it is rather from choice that we praise them than from courtesy. We should avoid disputing about indifferent things, seldom ask questions (which are almost always useless) never let them think that we pretend to more sense than others, and easily cede the advantage of deciding a question.

We ought to talk of things naturally, easily, and more or less seriously, according to the temper and inclination of the persons we entertain; never press them to approve what we say, nor even to reply to it. When we have thus complied with the duties of politeness, we may express our opinions, without prejudice or obstinacy, in making it appear that we seek to support them with the opinions of those who are listening.

We should avoid talking much of ourselves, and often giving ourselves as example. We cannot take too much pains to understand the bent and compass of those we are talking with, in order to link ourselves to the mind of him whose mind is the most highly endowed; and to add his thoughts to our own, while making him think as much as is possible that it is from him we take them. There is cleverness in not exhausting the subjects we treat, and in always leaving to others something to think of and say.

We ought never to talk with an air of authority, nor make use of words and expressions grander than the things. We may keep our opinions, if they are reasonable; but in keeping them, we should never wound the feelings of others, or appear to be shocked at what they have said. It is dangerous to wish to be always master of the conversation, and to talk of the same thing too often; we ought to enter indifferently on all agreeable subjects which offer, and never let it be seen that we wish to draw the conversation to a subject we wish to talk of.

It is necessary to observe that every kind of conversation, however polite or however intelligent it may be, is not equally proper for all kinds of well-bred persons; we should choose what is suited to each, and choose even the time for saying it: but if there be much art in knowing how to talk to the purpose, there is not less in knowing how to be silent. There is an eloquent silence—it serves sometimes to approve or to condemn; there is a mocking silence; there is a respectful silence. There are, in short, airs, tones, and manners in conversation which often make up what is agreeable or disagreeable, delicate or shocking: the secret for making good use of them is given to few persons—those even who make rules for them mistake them sometimes; the surest, in my opinion, is to have none that we cannot change, to let our conversation be careless rather than affected, to listen, to speak seldom, and never to force ourselves to talk.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Theodore Roosevelt, born in New York City in 1858. His alma mater is Harvard University. He early became a member of the New York state assembly, where he won reputation as a reformer. He ran for the mayorship of New York, but was defeated. As police commissioner he added to his reputation as a political house-cleaner. As assistant secretary of the Navy he did much to prepare the navy for its work in the Spanish-American war. At the outbreak of the war he entered the army and distinguished himself at San Juan Hill. He has written much and well on historical and social subjects, together with several books dealing with life in the Far West. His career as Vice-President and President of the Nation needs no account in this connection.

THE INDIANS OF THE NORTHWEST

(From "The Winning of the West." Copyright, 1889, by G. P. Putnam's Sons)

THE Wyandots, and the Algonquins who surrounded them, dwelt in a region of sunless, tangled forests; and all the wars we waged for the possession of the country between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi were carried on in the never-ending stretches of gloomy woodland. It was not an open forest. The underbrush grew, dense and rank, between the boles of the tall trees, making a cover so thick that it was in many places impenetrable,—so thick that it nowhere gave a chance for human eye to see even as far as a bow could carry No horse could penetrate it save by following the game trails or paths chopped with the axe; and a stranger venturing a hundred yards from a beaten road would be so helplessly lost that he could not, except by the merest chance even find his way back to the spot he had just left. Here and there it was broken by a rare hillside glade, or by a meadow in a stream valley; but elsewhere a man might travel for weeks as if in a perpetual twilight, never once able to see the sun through the interlacing twigs that formed a dark canopy above his head.

This dense forest was to the Indians a home in which they had lived from childhood, and where they were as much at ease as a farmer on his own acres. To their keen eyes, trained for generations to more than a wild beast's watchfulness, the wilderness was an open book: nothing at rest or in motion escaped them. They had begun to track game as soon as they could walk; a scrape on a tree trunk, a bruised leaf, a faint indentation of the soil, which the eye of no white man could see,—all told them a tale as plainly as if it had been shouted in their ears. With moccasined feet they trod among brittle twigs, dried leaves, and dead branches, as silently as the cougar; and they equaled this great wood-cat in stealth, and far surpassed it in cunning and ferocity. They could no more get lost in the trackless wilderness than a civilized man could get lost on a highway. Moreover, no knight of the Middle Ages was so surely protected by his armor as they were by their skill in hiding: the whole forest was to the whites one vast ambush, and to them a sure and ever-present shield. Every tree trunk was a breastwork ready prepared for battle; every bush, every moss-covered bowlder, was a defense against assault, from behind which, themselves unseen, they watched with fierce derision the movements of their clumsy white enemy. Lurking, skulking, traveling with noiseless rapidity, they left a trail that only a master in woodcraft could follow; while on the other hand they could dog a white man's footsteps as a hound runs a fox. Their silence, their cunning and stealth, their terrible prowess and merciless cruelty, makes it no figure of speech to call them the tigers of the human race.

Unlike the southern Indians, the villages of the northwestern tribes were usually far from the frontier. Tireless, and careless of all hardships, they came silently out of unknown forests, robbed and murdered, and then disappeared again into the fathomless depths of the woods. Half the terror they caused was due to the extreme difficulty of following them, and the absolute impossibility of forecasting their attacks. Without warning, and unseen until the moment they dealt the death stroke, they emerged from their forest fastness, the horror they caused being heightened no less by the mystery that shrouded them than by the dreadful nature of their ravages. Wrapped in their mantle of the unknown, appalling by their craft, their ferocity, their fiendish cruelty, they seemed to the white settlers devils and not men; no one could say with certainty whence they came, nor of what tribe they were; and when they had finished their dreadful work, they retired into a wilderness that closed over their trail, as the waves of the ocean close in the wake of a ship.

They were trained to the use of arms from their youth up; and war and hunting were their two chief occupations,—the business as well as the pleasure of their lives They were not as skilful as the white hunters with the rifle,—though more so than the average regular soldier,—nor could they equal the frontiersman in feats of physical, prowess, such as boxing and wrestling; but their superior endurance, and the ease with which they stood fatigue and exposure, made amends for this. A white might outrun them for eight or ten miles; but on a long journey they could tire out any man, and any beast except a wolf. Like most barbarians they were fickle and inconstant,—not to be relied on for pushing through a long campaign; and after a great victory apt to go off to their homes, because each man desired to secure his own plunder and tell his own tale of glory. They are often spoken of as undisciplined; but in reality their discipline in the battle itself was very high. They attacked, retreated, rallied or repelled a charge, at the signal of command; and they were able to fight in open order in thick covers without losing touch of each other—a feat that no European regiment was then able to perform.

On their own ground they were far more formidable than the best European troops. The British grenadiers throughout the eighteenth century showed themselves superior, in the actual shock of battle, to any infantry of continental Europe; if they ever met an overmatch, it was when pitted against the Scotch highlanders. Yet both grenadier and highlander, the heroes of Minden, the heirs to the glory of Marlborough's campaigns, as well as the sinewy soldiers who shared in the charges of Prestonpans and Culloden, proved helpless when led against the dark tribesmen of the forest. On the march they could not be trusted thirty yards from the column without getting lost in the woods, —the mountain training of the highlanders apparently standing them in no stead whatever,—and were not able to get around at all when convoyed by backwoodsmen. In fight they fared even worse. The British regulars at Broddock's battle, and the highlanders at Grant's defeat a few years later, suffered the same fate. Both battles were fair fights, —neither was a surprise; yet the stubborn valor of the red-coated grenadier and the headlong courage of the kilted Scot proved of less than no avail.

Not only were they utterly routed and destroyed in each case by an inferior force of Indians (the French taking little part in the conflict), but they were able to make no effective resistance whatever; it is to this day doubtful whether these superb regulars were able, in the battles where they were destroyed, to so much as kill one Indian for every hundred of their own men who fell. The provincials who were with the regulars were the only troops who caused any loss to the foe; and this was true in but a less degree of Bouquet's fight at Bushy Run. Here Bouquet, by a clever stratagem, gained the victory over an enemy inferior in numbers to himself; but only after a two days' struggle in which he suffered a fourfold greater loss than he inflicted.

When hemmed in so that they had no hope of escape, the Indians fought to the death: but when a way of retreat was open, they would not stand cutting like British, French, or American regulars; and so, though with a nearly equal force, would retire if they were suffering heavily, even if they were causing their foes to suffer still more. This was not due to lack of courage, it was their system; for they were few in numbers, and they did not believe in losing their men. The Wyandots were exceptions to this rule, for with them it was a point of honor not to yield; and so they were of all the tribes the most dangerous in an actual pitched battle.

But making the attack, as they usually did, with the expectation of success, all were equally dangerous. If their foes were clustered together in a huddle, they attacked them without hesitation,—no matter what the difference in numbers,—and shot them down as if they had been elk or buffalo; they themselves being almost absolutely safe from harm, as they flitted from cover to cover. It was this capacity for hiding, or taking advantage of cover, that gave them their great superiority; and it is because of this that the wood tribes were so much more formidable foes in actual battle than the horse Indians of the plains afterwards proved themselves. In dense woodland, a body of regular soldiers are almost as useless against Indians as they would be if at night they had to fight foes who could see in the dark: it needs special and long-continued training to fit them in any degree for wood-fighting against such foes. But on the plains, the white hunter's skill with the rifle and his cool resolution gave him an immense advantage: a few determined men can withstand a host of Indians in the open, although helpless if they meet them in thick cover; and our defeats by the Sioux and other plain tribes have generally taken the form of a small force being overwhelmed by a large one.

Not only were the Indians very terrible in battle, but they were cruel beyond all belief in victory; and the gloomy annals of border warfare are stained with their darkest hues, because it was a war in which helpless women and children suffered the hideous fate that so often befell their husbands and fathers. It was a war waged by savages against armed settlers whose families followed them into the wilderness. Such a war is inevitably bloody and cruel; but the inhuman love of cruelty for cruelty's sake, which marks the red Indian above all other savages, rendered these wars more terrible than any others. For the hideous, unnamable, unthinkable tortures practiced by the red men on their captured foes and on their foes' tender women and helpless children, were such as we read of in no other struggle; hardly even in the revolting pages that tell the deeds of the Holy Inquisition. It was inevitable—indeed it was in many instances proper—that such deeds should awake in the breasts of the whites the grimmest, wildest spirit of revenge and hatred.

The history of the border wars, both in the ways they were begun and in the ways they were waged, makes a long tale of injuries inflicted, suffered, and mercilessly revenged. It could not be otherwise when brutal, reckless, lawless borderers, despising all men not of their own color, were thrown in contact with savages who esteemed cruelty and treachery as the highest of virtues, and rapine and murder as the worthiest of pursuits. Moreover, it was sadly inevitable that the law-abiding borderer as well as the white ruffian, the painted marauder, should be plunged into the struggle to suffer the punishment that should only have fallen on their evil-minded fellows.

THE MISSION OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

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AMONG the many wise and notable utterances of Abraham Lincoln there is one which has attracted less attention than by right it ought to have attracted. It was delivered on November 10, 1864, just after Lincoln's re-election to the Presidency, and in response to a serenade. It runs in part as follows:

It has long been a grave question whether any government not too strong for the liberties of its people can be strong enough to maintain its existence in great emergencies. On this point the present rebellion brought our republic to a severe test and the Presidential election occurring in regular course during the rebellion, added not a little to the strain. . . . The strife of the election is but human nature practically applied to the facts in the case.

What has occurred in this case must ever occur in similar cases. Human nature will not change. In any future great national trial compared with the men of this, we shall have as weak and as strong, as silly and as wise, as bad and as good. Let us therefore study the incidents in this as philosophy to learn wisdom from and none of them as wrongs to be avenged. . . . Now that the election is over, may not all having a common interest reunite in a common effort to save our common country? For my own part, I have striven and shall strive to avoid placing any obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here, I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. Whie I am deeply sensible to the high compliment of a re-election and duly grateful, as I trust, to Almighty God for having directed my countrymen to a right conclusion as I think for their own good, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be disappointed or pained by the result.

This brief speech was typical of Lincoln alike in its strong common sense and in its lofty standard of morality; and the Republican party to-day is a living organism of good because it has continued responsive to those thoughts and purposes of its founders which were given their highest expression in the life of the great martyred President. In its essentials, human nature does not change; or at least the change is very slow. In the successive national trials, great and small, which this country has had to face since the day, half a century ago, when the Republican party began its career, the same qualities have inevitably been displayed—the qualities of strength and weakness, of wisdom and folly, of evil and good; and in each of these crises we have done well or ill about in proportion as we have shown the qualities which made us do well or ill in the others. The problems shift from generation to generation; but, after all, in each case the danger is due to fundamentally the same evil tendencies, and in each case success can come only by the exercise of wisdom and courage, energy and highmindedness. This is the reason why the history of the Republican party in the past is not merely of abiding interest to the student, but is of present importance to every man who seeks in practical fashion actually to apply the principles of civic righteousness.

It is of course the merest truism to say that a party is of use only so far as it serves the nation, and that he serves his party best who serves the nation best. In 1856 and in 1860, the party was of use because it stood against the extension of Slavery; in 1864, because it stood against all Slavery as well as against the destruction of this Union; in 1868, because it stood against those who wished to undo the results of the war. These are now dead issues; but we can learn how to face the live issues of the present by studying in good faith how men faced these dead issues of the past. We must act with wisdom or else our adherence to right will be mere sound and fury without substance; and we must act high-mindedly or else our wisdom will in the long run prove to be but folly in the eyes of the just and the far-sighted. Our policy must be such as will secure material prosperity to the nation; for exactly as a man cannot be a good citizen unless by his work he is able to keep himself and those dependent upon him from want, so a nation can count for little until it has the power which is based on physical well-being. Yet it is an evil thing for the nation, as for the individual, if material well-being is accepted as in itself all-sufficient; such well-being is worthless save as a foundation on which to build the higher life. It is a good thing for the nation as for the man to have the money-making capacity, but back of this and above it must stand those qualities of the intellect and of the spirit, of the mind and of the soul, which in their sum make up that high and fine type of character which tells for true greatness. Such was the character shown in every phase of the work of Lincoln.

There are few less desirable things than to advance the history of what has been well done in the past as an excuse for failure to do well in the present; and few more desirable than to study such history with the earnest desire to profit thereby, in order to do better service in the time that now is.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

Jean Jacques Rousseau, French philosopher and essayist, born at Geneva in 1712; died at Ermenonville, near Paris in 1778. His father was a dreamer and fond of literature. Young Rousseau was first in a lawyer's office, then apprenticed to an engraver; ran away and after living a roving life for a number of years settled in Paris, to teach music. In 1750 he received a prize from the Academy of Dijon for a disquisition discussing the question whether science and art had improved or corrupted the world's morals. Later appeared an essay on "The Origin of Inequality Among Men." In this he bitterly assailed the whole existing social order.

DELIGHTS IN SOLITUDE

OH, why is not the existence I have enjoyed known to all the world! Every one would wish to procure for himself a similar lot; peace would reign upon the earth; man would no longer think of injuring his fellows, and the wicked would no longer be found, for none would have an interest in being wicked. But what did I enjoy when I was alone? Myself; the entire universe; all that is, all that can be; all that is beautiful in the world of sense; all that is imaginable in the world of intellect. I gathered around me all that could delight my heart; my desires were the limits of my pleasures. Never have the voluptuous known such enjoyments; and I have derived a hundred times more happiness from my chimeras than they from their realities. . . .

What period do you think I recall most frequently and most willingly in my dreams? Not the pleasures of my youth; they were too rare, too much mingled with bitterness, and are now too distant. I recall the period of my seclusion, of my solitary walks; of the fleeting but delicious days that I have passed entirely by myself, with my good and simple housekeeper, with my beloved dog, my old cat, with the birds of the field, the hinds of the forest, with all Nature, and her inconceivable Author.

In getting up before the sun to contemplate its rising from my garden when a beautiful day was commencing, my first wish was that no letters or visits might come to disturb the charm. After having devoted the morning to various duties, that I fulfilled with pleasure because I could have put them off to another time, I hastened to dine, that I might escape from importunate people, and ensure a longer afternoon. Before one o'clock, even on the *hottest* days, I started in the heat of the sun with my faith-Achates, hastening my steps in the fear that someone would take possession of me before I could escape; but when once I could turn a certain corner, with what a beating heart, with what a flutter of joy, I began to breathe, as I felt that I was safe; and I said, "Here now I am my own master for the rest of the day!"

I went on then at a more tranquil pace to seek some wild spot in the forest, some desert place, where nothing indicating the hand of man announced slavery and power—some refuge to which I could believe I was the first to penetrate, and where no wearying third could step in to interpose between Nature and me. It was there that she seemed to display before my eyes an ever-new magnificence. The gold of the broom and the purple of the heather struck my sight with a splendor that touched my heart. The majesty of the trees that covered me with their shadow, the delicacy of the shrubs that flourished around me, the astonishing variety of the herbs and flowers that I crushed beneath my feet, kept my mind in a continued alternation of observing and admiring. This assemblage of so many interesting objects contending for my attention, attracting me incessantly from one to the other, fostered my dreamy and idle humor, and often made me repeat to myself: "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!"

The spot thus adorned could not long remain a desert to my imagination. I soon peopled it with beings after my own heart; and, dismissing opinion, prejudice, and all factitious passions, I brought to these sanctuaries of Nature men worthy of inhabiting them. I formed with these a charming society, of which I did not feel myself unworthy. I made a Golden age, according to my fancy; and, filling up these bright days with all the scenes of my life that had left the tenderest recollections, and with all that my heart still longed for, I affected myself to tears over the true pleasures of humanity—pleasures so delicious, so pure, and yet so far from men. If in these moments any ideas of Paris, of the age, and of my little author-vanity, disturbed my reveries, with what contempt I drove them instantly away, to give myself up entirely to the exquisite sentiments with which my soul was filled. . . .

From the surface of the earth I soon raised my thoughts to all the beings of Nature, to the Universal System of Things—to the incomprehensible Being who enters into all. Then as my mind was lost in this immensity, I did not think, I did not reason, I did not philosophize. I felt, with a kind of voluptuousness, as if bowed down by the weight of this universe; I gave myself up with rapture to this confusion of grand ideas. I delighted in imagination to lose myself in space. My heart, confined within the limits of the mortal, found not room; I was stifled in the universe; I would have sprung into the Infinite. I think that, could I have unveiled all the mysteries of Nature, my sensations would have been less delicious than was this bewildering ecstasy to which my mind abandoned itself without control, and which, in the excitement of my transports, made me sometimes exclaim, "O great Being! O great Being!" without being able to think or say more.

Thus glided on in continued rapture the most charming days that ever human being passed, and when the setting sun made me think of returning, astonished at the flight of time, I thought I had not taken sufficient advantage of my day. I fancied I might have enjoyed it more; and, to regain the lost time, I said, "I will come back to-morrow!" I returned slowly home, my head a little fatigued, but my heart content. I reposed agreeably on my return, abandoning myself to the impression of objects, but without thinking, without imagining, without doing anything beyond feeling the calm and the happiness of my situation. Lastly, after having taken in the evening a few turns in my garden, or sung a few airs to my spinet, I found in my bed repose of body and soul a hundred times sweeter than sleep itself.

These were the days that have made the true happiness of my life—a happiness without bitterness, without weariness, without regret; and to which I would willingly have limited my existence. Yes, let such days as these fill up my eternity! I do not ask for others, nor imagine that I am much less happy in these exquisite contemplations than the heavenly spirits. But a suffering body deprives the mind of its liberty. Henceforth I am not alone, I have a guest who importunes me, I must free myself of it to be myself. The trial that I have made of these sweet enjoyments serves only to make me with less alarm await the time when I shall taste them without interruption.

IMMORTALITY THE REWARD OF LIFE

LET us not exact the prize before the victory, nor the wages before labor. It is not on the course, says Plutarch, that the conquerors in our games are crowned; it is after they have gone over it. If the soul is immaterial, it can survive the body; and, in that survival, Providence is justified. Though I were to have no other proof of the immateriality of the soul than the triumph of the wicked and the oppression of the just in this world, that spectacle alone would prevent my doubting the reality of the life after death. So shocking a dissonance in this universal harmony would make me seek to explain it. I should say to myself: "All does not finish for me with this mortal life; what succeeds shall make concord of what went before."

JOHN RUSKIN

JOHN RUSKIN, author, artist and critic, was born in London in 1819; died in 1900. He inherited a large fortune; graduated from Oxford in 1842, having won the Nemdigate prize for English poetry. He devoted himself to the study of art and in 1843 he published his "Modern Painters." Its brilliant style, beauty of description and advocacy of the school of modern painting as superior to the old, attracted wide attention. A trip to Venice fired him with the idea of reforming the public taste in architecture and he wrote as a result "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and "The Stones of Venice." He was really the founder of the pre-Raphaelite school of painting.

PAINTING AND PAINTERS

(From "The Stones of Venice")

LET us endeavor briefly to mark the real relations of three vast ranks of men, whom I shall call, for convenience in speaking of them, Purists, Naturalists and Sensualists; not that these terms express their real characters, but I know no word, and cannot coin a convenient one, which would accurately express the opposite of Purist; and I keep the terms Purist and Naturalist in order to comply, as far as possible, with the established usage of language on the Continent. Now observe: in saying that nearly everything presented to us in nature has mingling in it of good and evil, I do not mean that nature is conceivably improvable, or that anything that God has made could be called evil, if we could see far enough into its uses; but that with respect to immediate effects or appearances, it may be so, just as the hard rind or bitter kernel of a fruit may be an evil to the eater, though in the one is the protection of the fruit, and in the other its continuance. The Purist, therefore, does not mend nature, but receives from nature and from God that which is good for him; while the Sensualist fills himself "with the husks that the swine did eat."

The three classes may, therefore, be likened to men reaping wheat, of which the Purists take the fine flour and the Sensualists the chaff and straw, but the Naturalists take all home, and make their cake of the one and their couch of the other.

For instance. We know more certainly every day that whatever appears to us harmful in the universe has some beneficent or necessary operation; that the storm which destroys a harvest brightens the sunbeams for harvests yet unsown, and that the volcano which buries a city preserves a thousand from destruction! But the evil is not for the time less fearful, because we have learned it to be necessary; and we easily understand the timidity or the tenderness of the spirit which would withdraw itself from the presence of destruction, and create in its imagination a world of which the peace should be unbroken, in which the sky should not darken nor the sea rage, in which the leaf should not change nor the blossom wither. That man is greater, however, who contemplates with an equal mind the alternations of terror and of beauty; who, not rejoicing less beneath the sunny sky, can bear also to watch the bars of twilight narrowing on the horizon; and, not less sensible to the blessing of the peace of nature, can rejoice in the magnificence of the ordinances by which that peace is protected and secured. But separated from both by an immeasurable distance would be the man who delighted in convulsion and disease for their own sake; who found his daily food in the disorder of nature mingled with the suffering of humanity; and watched joyfully at the right hand of the Angel whose appointed work is to destroy as well as to accuse, while the corners of the house of feasting were struck by the wind from the wilderness.

And far more is this true when the subject of contemplation is humanity itself. The passions of mankind are partly protective, partly beneficent, like the chaff and grain of the corn; but none without their use, none without nobleness when seen in balanced unity with the rest of the spirit which they are charged to defend. The passions of which the end is the continuance of the race; the indignation which is to arm it against injustice, or strengthen it to resist wanton injury; and the fear which lies at the root of prudence, reverence, and awe, are all honorable and beautiful, so long as man is regarded in his relations to the existing world. The religious Purist, striving to conceive him withdrawn from those relations, effaces from the countenance the traces of all transitory passion, illumines it with holy hope and love, and seals it with the serenity of heavenly peace; he conceals the forms of the body by the deep-folded garment, or else represents them under severely chastened types, and would rather paint them emaciated by the fast, or pale from the torture, than strengthened by exertion or flushed by emotion. But the great naturalist takes the human being in its wholeness, in its mortal as well as its spiritual strength. Capable of sounding and sympathizing with the whole range of its passions, he brings one majestic harmony out of them all; he represents it fearlessly in all its acts and thoughts, in its haste, its anger, its sensuality, and its pride, as well as in its fortitude or faith, but makes it noble in them all; he casts aside the veil from the body, and beholds the mysteries of its form like an angel looking down on an inferior creature: there is nothing which he is reluctant to behold, nothing that he is ashamed to confess; with all that lives, triumphing, falling, or suffering, he claims kindred, either in majesty or in mercy, yet standing, in a sort, afar off, unmoved even in the deepness of his sympathy; for the spirit within him is too thoughtful to be grieved, too brave to be appalled, and too pure to be polluted.

How far beneath these two ranks of men shall we place in the scale of being those whose pleasure is only in sin or in suffering; who habitually contemplate humanity in poverty or decrepitude, fury or sensuality; whose works are either temptations to its weakness, or triumphs over its ruin, and recognize no other subjects for thought or admiration than the subtlety of the robber, the rage of the soldier, or the joy of the Sybarite. It seems strange, when thus definitely stated, that such a school should exist. Yet consider a little what gaps and blanks would disfigure our gallery and chamber walls, in places that we have long approached with reverence, if every picture, every statue, were removed from them, of which the subject was either the vice or the misery of mankind, portrayed without any moral puropse: consider the innumerable groups having reference merely to various forms of passion, low or high; drunken revels and brawls among peasants, gambling or fighting scenes among soldiers, amours and intrigues among every class, brutal battle-pieces, banditti subjects, gluts of torture and death in famine, wreck, or slaughter, for the sake merely of the excitement—that quickening and suppling of the dull spirit that cannot be gained for it but by bathing it in blood, afterwards to wither back into stained and stiffened apathy; and then that whole vast false heaven of sensual passion, full of nymphs, satyrs, graces, goddesses, and I know not what, from its high seventh circle in Correggio's Antiope, down to the Grecized ballet-dancers and smirking Cupids of the Parisian upholsterer. Sweep away all this remorselessly, and see how much art we should have left.

ON BOOKS AND BOOK-BUYERS

(From "Sesame and Lilies, or King's Treasuries")

I SAY we have despised literature: what do we, as a nation, care about books? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses? If a man spends lavishly on his library, you call him mad,—a bibliomaniac. But you never call one a horse-maniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books. Or, to go lower still, how much do you think the contents of the book-shelves of the United Kingdom, public and private, would fetch, as compared with the contents of its wine cellars? What position would its expenditure on literature take as compared with its expenditure on luxurious eating? We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body: now, a good book contains such food inexhaustibly: it is provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it! Though there have been men who have pinched their stomachs and bared their backs to buy a book, whose libraries were cheaper to them, I think, in the end, than most men's dinners are. We are few of us put to such a trial, and more the pity; for, indeed, a precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy; and if public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading as well as in munching and sparkling; whereas the very cheapness of literature is making even wiser people forget that if a book is worth reading it is worth buying.

VENICE

(From "The Stones of Venice")

AND now come with me, for I have kept you too long from your gondola; come with me, on an autumnal morning, through the dark gates of Padua, and let us take the broad road leading towards the east. It lies level, for a league or two, between its elms and vine festoons full laden, their thin leaves veined into scarlet hectic, and their clusters deepened into gloomy blue; then mounts an embankment above the Brenta, and runs between the river and the broad plain, which stretches to the north in endless lines of mulberry and maize. The Brenta flows strongly, but slowly; a muddy volume of yellowish-gray water, that neither hastens nor slackens, but glides heavily between its monotonous banks, with here and there a short, babbling eddy twisted for an instant into its opaque surface, and vanishing, as if something had been dragged into it and gone down. Dusty and shadeless, the road fares along the dyke on its northern side; and the tall white tower of Dolo is seen trembling in the heat mist far away, and never seems nearer than it did at first. Presently, you pass one of the much-vaunted "villas on the Brenta": a glaring, spectral shell of brick and stucco, its windows with painted architraves like picture-frames, and a court-yard paved with pebbles in front of it, all burning in the thick glow of the feverish sunshine, but fenced from the high road, for magnificence sake, with goodly posts and chains; then another, of Kew Gothic, with Chinese variations, painted red and green; a third, composed for the greater part of dead wall, with fictitious windows painted upon it, each with a pea-green blind, and a classical architrave in bad perspective; and a fourth, with stucco figures set on the top of its garden-wall: some antique, like the kind to be seen at the corner of the New Road, and some of clumsy grotesque dwarfs, with fat bodies and large boots.

This is the architecture to which her studies of the Renaissance have conducted modern Italy. The sun climbs steadily, and warms into intense white the walls of the little piazza of Dolo, where we change horses. Another dreary stage among the now divided branches of the Brenta, forming irregular and half-stagnant canals; with one or two more villas on the other side of them, but these of the old Venetian type, which we may have recognized before at Padua, and sinking fast into utter ruin, black and rent, and lonely, set close to the edge of the dull water, with what were once small gardens beside them, kneaded into mud, and with blighted fragments of gnarled hedges and broken stakes for their fencing; and here and there a few fragments of marble steps, which have once given them graceful access from the water's edge, now settling into the mud in broken joints, all aslope, and slippery with green wood. At last the road runs sharply to the north, and there is an open space, covered with bent grass, on the right of it: but do not look that way. Five minutes more, and we are in the upper room of the little inn at Mestre, glad of a moment's rest in shade. The table is (always I think) covered with a cloth of nominal white and perennial gray, with plates and glasses at due intervals, and small loaves of a peculiar white bread made with oil, and more like knots of flour than bread. The view from its balcony is not cheerful: a narrow street, with a solitary brick church and barren campanile on the other side of it; and some conventual buildings, with a few crimson remnants of fresco about their windows; and between them and the street, a ditch with some slow current in it, and one or two small houses beside it, one with an arbor of roses at its door, as in an English tea-garden, the air, however, about us having in it nothing of roses, but a close smell of garlic and crabs, warmed by the smoke of various stands of hot chestnuts. There is much vociferation also going on beneath the window respecting certain wheelbarrows which are in rivalry for our baggage: we appease their rivalry with our best patience, and follow them down the narrow street. We have but walked some two hundred yards when we come to a low wharf or quay, at the extremity of a canal, with long steps on each side down to the water, which latter we fancy for an instant has become black with stagnation: another glance undeceives us—it is covered with the black boats of Venice. We enter one of them, rather to try if they be real boats or not, than with any definite purpose, and glide away; at first feeling as if the water were yielding continually beneath the boat and letting her sink into soft vacancy. It is something clearer than any water we have seen lately, and of a pale green; the banks only two or three feet above it, of mud and rank grass, with here and there a stunted tree; gliding swiftly past the small casement of the gondola, as if they were dragged by upon a painted scene. Stroke by stroke, we count the plunges of the oar, each heaving up the side of the boat slightly as her silver beak shoots forward. We lose patience, and extricate ourselves from the cushions: the sea air blows keenly by as we stand leaning on the roof of the floating cell. In front, nothing to be seen but long canal and level bank; to the west, the tower of Mestre is lowering fast, and behind it there have risen purple shapes, of the color of dead rose-leaves, all round the horizon, feebly defined against the afternoon sky—the Alps of Bassano. Forward still: the endless canal bends at last, and then breaks into intricate angles about some low bastions, now torn to pieces and staggering in ugly rents towards the water—the bastions of the fort of Malghera. Another turn, and another perspective of canal; but not interminable. The silver beak cleaves it fast—it widens: the rank grass of the banks sinks lower, and at last dies in tawny knots along an expanse of weedy shore. Over it, on the right, but a few years back, we might have seen the lagoon stretching to the horizon, and the warm southern sky bending over Malamocco to the sea. Now we can see nothing but what seems a low and monotonous dock-yard wall, with flat arches to let the tide through it; this is the railroad bridge, conspicuous above all things. But at the end of those dismal arches there rises, out of the wide water, a straggling line of low and confused brick buildings, which, but for the many towers which are mingled among them, might be the suburbs of an English manufacturing town. Four or five domes, pale, and apparently at a greater distance, rise over the center of the line; but the object which first catches the eye is a sullen cloud of black smoke brooding over the northern half of it, and which issues from the belfry of a church. It is Venice.

ART ROOTED IN MAN'S MORAL NATURE

(From "Modern Painters")

IN these books of mine, their distinctive character as essays on art is their bringing everything to a root in human passion or human hope. Arising first not from any desire to explain the principles of art, but in an endeavor to defend an individual painter from injustice, they have been colored throughout—nay, continually altered in shape, and even warped and broken—by digressions respecting social questions which had for me an interest tenfold greater than the work I had been forced into undertaking. Every principle of painting which I have stated is traced to some vital or spiritual fact; and in my works on architecture the preference accorded finally to one school over another is founded on their influence on the life of the workman—a question by all the other writers on the subject of architecture wholly forgotten or despised.

TRUTHFULNESS IN ART

(From "Modern Painters")

IF it were possible for Art to give *all* the truths of Nature, it ought to do it. But this is not possible. Choice must always be made of some facts which *can* be represented from among others which must be passed by in silence, or even in some respects, misrepresented. The inferior artist chooses unimportant and scattered truths; the great artist chooses the most necessary first, and afterward the most consistent with these, so as to obtain the greatest possible and most harmonious *sum*. For instance, Rembrandt always chooses to represent the exact force with which the light on the most illuminated part of an object is opposed to its obscurer portions. In order to obtain this, in most cases not very important truth, he sacrifices the light and color of five-sixth of his picture and the expression of every character of objects which depends on tenderness of shape or tint. But he obtains his single truth, and what picturesque and forcible expression is dependent upon it, with magnificent skill and subtlety.

Veronese, on the contrary, chooses to represent the great relations of visible things to each other, to the heaven above, and to the earth beneath them. He holds it more important to show how a figure stands, relieved from delicate air, or marble wall; how, as a red, or purple, or a white figure, it separates itself, in clear discernibility, from things not red, nor purple, nor white; how infinite daylight shines around it; how innumerable veils of faint shadow invest it; how its blackness and darkness are, in the excess of their nature, just as limited and local as its intensity of light: all this, I say, he feels to be more important than merely showing the exact *measure* of the spark of sunshine that gleams on a dagger-hilt, or glows on a jewel. All this, however, he feels to be harmonious—capable of being joined in one great system of spacious truth. And with inevitable watchfulness, inestimable subtlety, he unites all this in tenderest balance, noting in each hair's-breadth of color not merely what is rightness or wrongness in itself, but what its relation is to every other on his canvas.

POLITICAL ECONOMY

(From "Munera Pulveris")

POLITICAL economy is not itself a science, but a system of conduct founded on the Sciences, and impossible except under certain conditions of moral culture. Which is only to say that industry, frugality and discretion—the three foundations of economy—are moral qualities, and cannot be attained without moral discipline: a flat truism, the reader may think, thus stated; yet a truism which is denied both vociferously, and in all endeavor, by the entire populace of Europe, who are at present hopeful of obtaining wealth by tricks of trade, without industry. The study which lately in England has been called Political Economy is in reality nothing more than the investigation of some accidental phenomena of modern commercial operations, nor has it been true in its investigation even of those.

BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE

Jacques Henri Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, famous French romancist, was born at Havre, France, in 1737; died at Eragny-sur-Oise in 1814. He graduated with honors from the College of Rouen, and then entered on a military career. Later he entered the Russian service. Returning, he became prominent as a man of letters, counting Rousseau among his friends. His best works include "Voyage to the Isle of France," "Studies of Nature," "The Indian Cottage" and "Paul and Virginia." The last has been classed as one of the world's greatest love stories.

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY

THEY have in Switzerland an ancient musical air, and extremely simple, called the *ranz des vaches*. This air produces an effect so powerful that it was found necessary to prohibit the playing of it in Holland and in France, before the Swiss soldiers, because it set them all deserting, one after another. I imagine that the *ranz des vaches* must imitate the lowing and bleating of the cattle, the repercussion of the echoes, and other local associations, which made the blood boil in the veins of those poor soldiers, by recalling to their memory the valleys, the lakes, the mountains of their country, and at the same time, the companions of their early life, their first loves, the recollections of their indulgent grandfathers, and the like.

The love of country seems to strengthen in proportion as it is innocent and happy. For this reason savages are fonder of their country than polished nations are; and those who inhabit regions rough and wild, such as mountaineers, than those who live in fertile countries and fine climates. Never could the Court of Russia prevail upon a single Samöiède to leave the shores of the Frozen Ocean, and settle at St. Petersburg. Some Greenlanders were brought, in the course of the last century, to the Court of Copenhagen, where they were entertained with a profusion of kindness, but soon fretted themselves to death. Several of them were drowned in attempting to return to their country in an open boat. They beheld all the magnificence of the Court of Denmark with extreme indifference; but there was one in particular whom they observed to weep every time he saw a woman with a child in her arms; hence they conjectured that this unfortunate man was a father. The gentleness of domestic education, undoubtedly, thus powerfully attaches those poor people to the place of their birth. It was this which inspired the Greeks and Romans with so much courage in the defence of their country. The sentiment of innocence strengthens the love of it, because it brings back all the affections of early life, pure, sacred and incorruptible.

But among nations with whom infancy is rendered miserable, and is corrupted by irksome, ferocious and unnatural education, there is no more love of country than there is of innocence. This is one of the causes which sends so many Europeans a rambling over the world, and which accounts for our having so few modern monuments in Europe, because the next generation never fails to destroy the monuments of that which preceded it. This is the reason that our books, our fashions, our customs, our ceremonies, our languages, become obsolete so soon, and are entirely different this age from what they were in the last; whereas, all these particulars continue the same among the sedentary nations of Asia, for a long series of ages together; because children brought up in Asia with much gentleness, remain attached to the establishments of their ancestors, out of gratitude to their memory and to the places of their birth, from the recollection of their happiness and innocence.

THE HURRICANE

(From "Paul and Virginia")

AT about seven in the morning we heard the sound of drums in the woods: it announced the approach of the governor, Monsieur de la Bourdonnais, who soon after arrived on horseback, at the head of a detachment of soldiers armed with muskets, and a crowd of islanders and negroes. He drew up his soldiers upon the beach, and ordered them to make a general discharge. This was no sooner done, than we perceived a glimmering light upon the water which was instantly followed by the report of a cannon. We judged that the ship was at no great distance and all ran towards that part whence the light and sound proceeded. We now discerned through the fog the hull and yards of a large vessel. We were so near to her that notwithstanding the tumult of the waves, we could distinctly hear the whistle of the boatswain, and the shouts of the sailors, who cried out three times, VIVE LE ROI! this being the cry of the French in extreme danger, as well as in exuberant joy;—as though they wished to call their prince to their aid, or to testify to him that they are prepared to lay down their lives in his service.

As soon as the *Saint-Geran* perceived that we were near enough to render her assistance, she continued to fire guns regularly at intervals of three minutes. Monsieur de la Bourdonnais caused great fires to be lighted at certain distances upon the strand, and sent to all the inhabitants of the neighborhood, in search of provisions, planks, cables, and empty barrels. A number of people soon arrived, accompanied by their negroes loaded with provisions and cordage, which they had brought from the plantations of Golden Dust, from the district of La Flaque, and from the river of the Rampart.

One of the most aged of these planters, approaching the governor, said to him,—"We have heard all night hollow noises in the mountains; in the woods the leaves of the trees are shaken, although there is no wind; the sea-birds seek refuge upon the land; it is certain that all these signs announce a hurricane." "Well, my friends," answered the governor, "we are prepared for it, and no doubt the vessel is also."

Everything, indeed, presaged the near approach of the hurricane. The center of the clouds in the zenith was of a dismal black, while their skirts were tinged with a copper-colored hue. The air resounded with the cries of the tropic-birds, petrels, frigate-birds, and innumerable other sea-fowl, which, notwithstanding the obscurity of the atmosphere, were seen coming from every point of the horizon, to seek for shelter in the island.

Towards nine in the morning we heard in the direction of the ocean the most terrific noise, like the sound of thunder mingled with that of torrents rushing down the steeps of lofty mountains. A general cry was heard of, "There is the hurricane!" and the next moment a frightful gust of wind dispelled the fog which covered the isle of Amber and its channel. The *Saint-Geran* then presented herself to our view, her deck crowded with people, her yards and topmasts lowered down, and her flag half-mast high, moored by four cables at her bow and one at her stern. She had anchored between the isle of Amber and the main land, inside the chain of reefs which encircles the island, and which she had passed through in a place where no vessel had ever passed before. She presented her head to the waves that rolled in from the open sea, and as each billow rushed into the narrow strait where she lay, her bow lifted to such a degree as to show her keel; and at the same moment her stern, plunging into the water, disappeared altogether from our sight, as if it were swallowed up by the surges. In this position, driven by the winds and waves towards the shore, it was equally impossible for her to return by the passage through which she had made her way; or, by cutting her cables, to strand herself upon the beach, from which she was separated by sand-banks and reefs of rocks. Every billow which broke upon the coast advanced roaring to the bottom of the bay, throwing up heaps of shingles to the distance of fifty feet upon the land; then, rushing back, laid bare its sandy bed, from which it rolled immense stones, with a hoarse and dismal noise. The sea, swelled by the violence of the wind, rose higher every moment; and the whole channel between this island and the isle of Amber was soon one vast sheet of white foam, full of yawning pits of black and deep billows.

Heaps of this foam, more than six feet high, were piled up at the bottom of the bay; and the winds which swept its surface carried masses of it over the steep sea-bank, scattering it upon the land to the distance of half a league. These innumerable white flakes, driven horizontally even to the very foot of the mountains, looked like snow issuing from the bosom of the ocean. The appearance of the horizon portended a lasting tempest; the sky and the water seemed blended together. Thick masses of clouds, of a frightful form, swept across the zenith with the swiftness of birds, while others appeared motionless as rocks. Not a single spot of blue sky could be discerned in the whole firmament; and a pale yellow gleam only lighted up all the objects of the earth, the sea, and the skies.

From the violent rolling of the ship, what we all dreaded happened at last. The cables which held her bow were torn away; she then swung to a single hawser, and was instantly dashed upon the rocks, at a distance of half a cable's length from the shore. A general cry of horror issued from the spectators. Paul rushed forward to throw himself into the sea, when, seizing him by the arm, "My son," I exclaimed, "would you perish?"—"Let me go to save her," he cried, "or let me die!" Seeing that despair had deprived him of reason, Domingo and I, in order to preserve him, fastened a long cord around his waist, and held it fast by the end. Paul then precipitated himself towards the *Saint-Geran,* now swimming, and now walking upon the rocks. Sometimes he had hopes of reaching the vessel, which the sea, by the reflux of its waves, had left almost dry, so that you could have walked around it on foot; but suddenly the billows, returning with fresh fury, shrouded it beneath mountains of water, which then lifted it upright upon its keel. The breakers at the same moment threw the unfortunate Paul far upon the beach, his legs bathed in blood, his bosom wounded, and himself half dead. The moment he had recovered the use of his senses, he arose, and returned with new ardor towards the vessel, the parts of which now yawned asunder from the violent stroke of the billows. The crew then, despairing of their safety, threw themselves in crowds into the sea, upon yards, planks, hen-coops, tables, and barrels. At this moment we beheld an object which wrung our hearts with grief and pity; a young lady appeared in the stern-gallery of the *Saint-Geran*, stretching out her arms towards him who was making so many efforts to join her. It was Virginia. She had discovered her lover by his intrepidity. The sight of this amiable girl, exposed to such horrible danger, filled us with unutterable despair. As for Virginia, with a firm and dignified mien, she waved her hand, as if bidding us an eternal farewell. All the sailors had flung themselves into the sea, except one, who still remained upon the deck, and who was naked, and strong as Hercules. This man approached Virginia with respect, and kneeling at her feet, attempted to force her to throw off her clothes; but she repulsed him with modesty, and turned away her head.

Then were heard redoubled cries from the spectators, "Save her!—save her!—do not leave her!" But at that moment a mountain billow, of enormous magnitude, ingulfed itself between the isle of Amber and the coast, and menaced the shattered vessel, towards which it rolled bellowing, with its black sides and foaming head. At this terrible sight the sailor flung himself into the sea; and Virginia, seeing death inevitable, crossed her hands upon her breast, and raising upwards her serene and beauteous eyes, seemed an angel prepared to take flight to Heaven.

Oh, day of horror! Alas! everything was swallowed up by the relentless billows. The surge threw some of the spectators, whom an impulse of humanity had prompted to advance towards Virginia, far upon the beach, and also the sailor who had endeavored to save her life. This man, who had escaped from almost certain death, kneeling on the sand, exclaimed,—"Oh, my God! thou hast saved my life, but I would have given it willingly for that excellent young lady, who had persevered in not undressing herself as I had done." Domingo and I drew the unfortunate Paul to the shore. He was senseless, and blood was flowing from his mouth and ears. The governor ordered him to be put into the hands of a surgeon, while we on our part, wandered along the beach, in hopes that the sea would throw up the corpse of Virginia. But the wind having suddenly changed, as it frequently happens during hurricanes, our search was in vain; and we had the grief of thinking that we should not be able to bestow on this sweet and unfortunate girl the last sad duties. We retired from the spot overwhelmed with dismay, and our minds wholly occupied by one cruel loss, although numbers had perished in the wreck. Some of the spectators seemed tempted, from the fatal destiny of this virtuous girl, to doubt the existence of Providence; for there are in life such terrible, such unmerited evils, that even the hope of the wise is sometimes shaken.

In the meantime Paul, who began to recover his senses, was taken to a house in the neighborhood, till he was in a fit state to be removed to his own home. Thither I bent my way with Domingo to discharge the melancholy duty of preparing Virginia's mother and her friend for the disastrous event which had happened. When we had reached the entrance of the valley of the river of Fan-Palms, some negroes informed us that the sea had thrown up many pieces of the wreck in the opposite bay. We descended towards it, and one of the first objects that struck my sight upon the beach was the corpse of Virginia. The body was half covered with sand, and preserved the attitude in which we had seen her perish. Her features were not sensibly changed, her eyes were closed, and her countenance was still serene; but the pale purple hues of death were blended on her cheek with the blush of virgin modesty. One of her hands was placed upon her clothes; and the other, which she held on her heart, was fast closed, and so stiffened, that it was with difficulty that I took from its grasp a small box.

How great was my emotion when I saw that it contained the picture of Paul, which she had promised him never to part with while she lived! At the sight of this last mark of the fidelity and tenderness of the unfortunate girl, I wept bitterly. As for Domingo, he beat his breast, and pierced the air with his shrieks. With heavy hearts we then carried the body of Virginia to a fisherman's hut, and gave it in charge of some poor Malabar women, who carefully washed away the sand.

While they were employed in this melancholy office, we ascended the hill with trembling steps to the plantation. We found Madame de la Tour and Margaret at prayer; hourly expecting to hear tidings from the ship. As soon as Madame de la Tour saw me coming, she cried,—"Where is my daughter—my dear daughter,—my child?" My silence and my tears apprised her of her misfortune. She was instantly seized with convulsive stopping of the breath and agonizing pains, and her voice was only heard in sighs and groans. Margaret cried, "Where is my son? I do not see my son!" and fainted. We ran to her assistance. In a short time she recovered, and being assured that Paul was safe, and under the care of the governor, she thought of nothing but of succoring her friend, who recovered from one fainting fit only to fall into another. Madame de la Tour passed the whole night in these cruel sufferings, and I became convinced that there was no sorrow like that of a mother. When she recovered her senses, she cast a fixed, unconscious look towards heaven. In vain her friend and myself pressed her hands in ours; in vain we called upon her by the most tender names; she appeared wholly insensible to these testimonials of our affection, and no sound issued from her oppressed bosom but deep and hollow moans.

During the morning Paul was carried home in a palanquin. He had now recovered the use of his reason, but was unable to utter a word. His interview with his mother and Madame de la Tour, which I had dreaded, produced a better effect than all my cares. A ray of consolation gleamed on the countenance of the two unfortunate mothers. They pressed close to him, clasped him in their arms, and kissed him: their tears, which excess of anguish had till now dried up at the source began to flow. Paul mixed his tears with theirs; and nature having thus found relief, a long stupor succeeded the convulsive pangs they had suffered and afforded them a lethargic repose, which was in truth like that of death.

SALLUST

SALLUST, a Roman historian, born 86 B.C.; died 34 B.C. He went into politics and though of a plebeian family, rose to the position of tribune. In the Civil War he joined the forces of Cæsar, and in 47 was made praetor-elect. He served in the African campaign and as governor of Numidia acquired immense wealth. He wrote history, his two most important works being accounts of the conspiracy of Catiline and the war with Jugurtha. He was the first historian of Rome to write history in the modern sense.

SPEECH OF CAIUS MARIUS TO THE ROMANS

IT is undoubtedly no easy matter to discharge to the general satisfaction the duty of a supreme commander in troublesome times. I am, I hope, duly sensible of the importance of the office I propose to take upon me for the service of my country. To carry on with effect an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige those to serve whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct at the same time a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious and the disaffected; to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought.

But, besides the disadvantages which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is in this respect peculiarly hard—that whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his great connections, the antiquity of his family, the important services rendered by his ancestors, and the multitude he has engaged in his interests, to screen himself from condign punishment, my whole safety depends upon myself, which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Beside, I am well aware that the eye of the public is upon me; and that though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other considerations, favor my pretensions, the Patricians want nothing so much as an occasion against me. It is therefore my fixed resolution to use my best endeavors that you be not disappointed in me, and that their sinister designs against me may be defeated.

I have from my youth been familiar with toils and dangers. I was faithful to your interests, my countrymen, when I served you with no reward but that of honor. It is not my design to betray you now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honorable body—a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but of no experience? What service would his long line of dead ancestors, of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do but in his trepidation and inexperience have recourse to some inferior commander for direction in difficulties to which he was not himself equal? Thus your Patrician general would in fact have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a Plebeian. So true is this, that I have myself known those who have been chosen consuls begin then to read the history of their own country, of which till that time they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it. I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness and Plebeian experience. The very actions which they have only read I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved; what they know by reading I know by action.

They are pleased to slight my mean birth; I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is their objection against me; want of personal worth is mine against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were inquired of the fathers of such Patricians as Albinus and Bestia whether, if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character or of mine, what would they answer but they should wish the worthiest to be their sons?

If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honors bestowed upon me? Let them envy likewise my labors, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity as if they despised any honors they can bestow, while they aspire to honors as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury. Yet none can be more lavish than they are in praise of their ancestors; and they imagine they honor themselves by celebrating their forefathers, whereas they do the very contrary; for as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they distinguished for their vices. The glory of ancestors indeed casts a light upon their posterity, but only serves to show what the descendants are; it alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians by standing up in defence of what I have myself done.

Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves honors on account of the exploits done by their forefathers, whilst they will not allow me the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. "He has no statues," they cry, "of his family; he can trace no venerable line of ancestors!" What then? Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors than to become illustrious by one's own behavior? What if I can show no statues of my family? I can show the standards, the armor, and the trappings which I myself have taken from the vanquished; I can show the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honors I boast of. Not left to me by inheritance, as theirs have been; but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valor, amidst clouds of dust and seas of blood; scenes of action where these effeminate Patricians, who endeavor by indirect means to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces.

GEORGE SAND

Armantine Lucile Aurore (Dupin), Baroness Dudevant, better known by the name of George Sand, was born at Paris, France, in 1804; died at Nohant, in 1876. She was a lover of philosophy and studied the works of Locke, Rousseau and Leibnitz. Her marriage was unhappy, and she turned to literature, and under the name of George Sand became one of the foremost French novelists of her day. She produced over sixty novels, and many plays. Her writings, at times, show a masculine mind, and she dealt with schemes of reform in many of her books. Her descriptive writing is as much admired as her stories.

THE MARQUISE DE R.

THE Marquise de R. never said brilliant things, although it is the rule in French literature that every old woman shall sparkle with wit. Her ignorance was extreme on all points which the contact of the world had not taught her, and she had none of that nicety of expression, that exquisite penetration, that marvelous tact, which belong, it is said, to women who have seen all the different phases of life and of society; she was blunt, heedless, and sometimes even cynical. She put to flight every idea I had formed concerning the noble ladies of the olden time, yet she was a genuine marquise, and had seen the court of Louis XV. But as she was, even then, an exceptional character, do not seek in her history for a serious study of the manners of any epoch. Society seems to me, at all times, so difficult either to know or to paint, that I prefer having nothing to do with it. I shall be satisfied with relating some of those personal anecdotes which establish a sympathy between men of all societies and all times.

I had never found much pleasure in the society of the lady. She seemed to me remarkable for nothing except her prodigious memory of the events of her youth, and the masculine lucidity with which she expressed her recollections. For the rest, she was, like all aged persons, forgetful of recent events, and indifferent to everything in which she had no personal interest.

Her beauty had not been of that piquant order, which, lacking splendor and regularity, cannot please in itself; a woman so made learns to be witty, in order to be as beautiful as those who are more so. The marquise had had the misfortune to be unquestionably beautiful. I have seen her portrait, for, like all old women, she had the vanity to hang it up for exhibition in her apartment.

She was represented in the character of a huntress nymph, with a low satin waist painted to imitate tiger-skin, sleeves of antique lace, a bow of sandalwood, and a crescent of pearls lighting up her hair. It was an admirable painting, and, above all, an admirable woman, tall, slender, dark, with black eyes, austere and noble features, unsmiling deep-red lips, and hands which, it was said, had thrown the Princess of Lamballe into despair. Without lace, satin, or powder, she might indeed have seemed one of those fair and haughty nymphs who were fabled to appear to mortals in the depths of the forest or upon the solitary mountain side, only to drive them mad with passion and regret.

Nevertheless, the marquise had made few conquests; according to her own account, she had been thought dull and spiritless. The worn-out men of that time cared less for the charms of beauty than for the allurements of coquetry; women infinitely less admired than she had robbed her of all her adorers, and, strange enough, she had seemed indifferent to her fate. The little she had told me of her life made me believe that her heart had had no youth, and that a cold selfishness had paralyzed all its faculties. Yet several sincere friends surrounded her old age, and she gave alms without ostentation.

One evening I found her even more communicative than usual: there was a good deal of sadness in her thoughts. "My dear child," said he, "the Vicomte de Larrieux has just died of the gout. It is a great grief to me, for I have been his friend these sixty years. And then, there is somehing frightful in so many deaths. His, however, was not surprising; he was so old."

"What was his age?" asked I.

"Eighty-four years. I am eighty, but I am not as infirm as he was, and I can hope to live longer. *N'importe!* Several of my friends have gone this year, and although I tell myself that I am younger and stronger than any of them, I cannot help being frightened when I see my contemporaries sinking around me."

"And these," said I, "are the only regrets you feel for poor Larrieux, a man who worshipped you for sixty years, who never ceased to complain of your cruelty, and yet never revolted from his allegiance. He was a model lover; there are no more such men."

"My dear child," answered the marquise, "I see that you think me a cold and heartless woman. Perhaps you are right; judge for yourself. I will tell you my whole history, and, whatever opinion you may have of me, at least, shall not die without having made myself known to some one. Perhaps you will give me some mark of compassion which will soften the bitterness of my recollections.

"When I was sixteen I left Saint Cyr, where I had been educated, to marry the Marquise de R. He was fifty, but I dared not complain, for every one congratulated me on this splendid match, and all my portionless companions envied my lot.

"I was never very bright, and at that time I was positively stupid; the education of the cloister had completely benumbed my faculties. I left the convent with that silly ignorance of life and of the world which is foolishly considered a merit in young girls, and which often results in the misery of their whole lives.

"As a natural consequence, the experience brought me by my brief married life was lodged in so narrow a mind that it was of no use to me. I learned, not to understand life, but to doubt myself.

"I was a widow before I was seventeen, and as soon as I was out of mourning I was surrounded with suitors. I was then in all the splendor of my beauty, and it was generally admitted that there was not a face or a figure which could be compared to mine.

"But my husband, an old, worn-out, and dissipated man, who had never shown me anything but irony and disdain, and who had only married me to obtain an office promised with my hand, had left me such an aversion to marriage, that I could never be brought to contract new ties. In my ignorance of life I fancied that all men resembled him, and that in a second husband I should find M. de R.'s hard heart, his pitiless irony, and that insulting coldness which had so deeply humiliated me. This fatal entrance into life had dispelled for me all the allusions of youth. My heart, which perhaps was not naturally cold, withdrew into itself and grew full of suspicion.

"I was foolish enough to tell my real feelings to several women of my acquaintance. They did not fail to divulge what they had learned, and, without taking any account of the doubts and anguish of my heart, boldly declared that I despised all men. There is nothing which men will not more readily pardon than this feeling; my lovers soon learned to detest me, and continued their flatteries only in the hope of finding an opportunity to hold me up to ridicule. I saw mockery and treachery written upon every forehead, and my misanthropy increased every day.

" About this time there came to Paris from the provinces a man who had neither talent nor any strong or pleasing quality, but who possessed a frankness and uprightness of feeling very rare among the people with whom I lived. This was the Vicomte de Larrieux. He was soon acknowledged to be my most favored suitor.

" He, poor fellow, loved me in the sincerity of his soul. His soul! Had he a soul? He was one of those cold, prosaic men who have not even the elegance of vice or the brilliance of falsehood. He was struck only by my beauty, and took no pains to discover my heart. This was not disdain on his part, it was incapacity. Had he found in me the power of loving, he would not have known how to respond to it.

" I do not think that there ever lived a man more wedded to material things than poor Larrieux. He ate with delight, he fell asleep in all the arm-chairs, and the remainder of the time he took snuff. He was always occupied in satisfying some appetite. I do not think he had an idea a day.

" And yet, my dear friend, will you believe it? I never had the energy to get rid of him! For sixty years he has been my torment. Constantly offended by my repulses, yet constantly drawn to me by the very obstacles I placed in the way of his passion, he has had for me the most faithful, the most untiring, the most wearisome love that ever man felt for woman."

" I am surprised," said I, " that you never should have met, in the course of your life, a man capable of understanding you, and worthy of converting you to real love. Must we conclude that the men of to-day are superior to those of the olden time?"

"That would be a great piece of vanity on your part," answered she, laughing. "I have little reason to speak well of the men of my own time, yet I doubt whether you have made much progress; but I will not moralize. The cause of my misfortune was entirely in myself. I had not the sense to judge. A woman as proud as I was should have possessed a superior character, and should have been able to distinguish at one glance among all the insipid, false and insignificant men who surrounded me, one of those true and noble beings who are rare in every age. I was too ignorant, too narrow-minded, for this. As I have lived longer I have acquired more judgment, and I have learned that several of the objects of my hatred deserved far other feelings. But I was then old, and my knowledge came too late."

"And while you were young," I rejoined, "were you never tempted to make a second trial? Was this deep-rooted aversion never shaken? It is strange."

The marquise was silent, then hastily laying her gold snuff-box on the table:

"I have begun my confession," said she, "and I will acknowledge everything. Listen! Once, only once in my life, I have loved, but loved as none ever loved, with a love as passionate and indomitable as it was imaginative and ideal. For you see, my child, you young men think you understand women, and you know nothing about them. If many old women of eighty were frankly to tell you the history of their lives, you would perhaps find that the feminine soul contains sources of good and evil of which you have no idea. And now, guess what was the rank of the man for whom I entirely lost my head—I, a marchioness, and one prouder and haughtier than every other?"

"The King of France, or the Dauphin, Louis XVI."

"Oh, if you begin in that manner you will be three hours before you reach my lover. I prefer to tell you at once. He was an actor."

"A king notwithstanding, I imagine."

"The noblest, the most elegant that ever trod the boards. You are not amazed?"

"Not much. I have heard that even when the prejudices of caste were most powerful in France, such ill-assorted passions were not rare."

"Those ill-assorted passions were not tolerated by the world, I can assure you. The first time I saw him I expressed my admiration to the Countess de Ferrières, who happened to be beside me, and she answered: "Do not speak so warmly to any one but me. You would be cruelly taunted were you suspected of forgetting that in the eyes of a woman of rank an actor can never be a man."

"Madame de Ferrières' words remained in my mind, I know not why. At that time this contemptuous tone seemed to me absurd, and this fear of committing myself a piece of malicious hypocrisy.

"His name was Lelio; he was by birth an Italian, but spoke French admirably. He may have been thirty-five, although upon the stage he often seemed less than twenty. He played Corneille better than he did Racine, but in both he was inimitable."

"I am surprised," said I, interrupting the marquise, "that his name should not appear in the annals of dramatic talent."

"He was never famous," answered she, "and was appreciated neither by the court nor the town. I have heard that he was outrageously hissed when he first appeared. Afterwards he was valued for his sensibility, his fire, and the efforts he made to improve himself. He was tolerated, and sometimes applauded, but, on the whole, he was always considered an actor without taste.

"In those days tragedy was played 'properly'—it was necessary to die with taste, to fall gracefully, and to have an air of good breeding even in giving a blow. Dramatic art was modeled upon the usages of good society, and the diction and gestures of the actors were in harmony with the hoops and hair-powder which even then disfigured Phèdre and Clytemnestra. I had never appreciated the defects of this school of art. My reflections did not carry me far; I only knew that tragedy wearied me to death. I bravely endured it twice in the week, for it was the fashion to like it; but I listened with so cold and constrained an air that it was generally said I was insensible to the charms of fine poetry.

"One evening, after a rather long absence from Paris, I went to the Comédie Française to see *Le Cid*. Lelio had been admitted to this theater during my stay in the country, and I saw him for the first time. He played Rodrigue. I was deeply moved by the very first tones of his voice. It was penetrating rather than sonorous, but vibrating and strongly accentuated. His voice was much criticized. That of the Cid was supposed to be deep and powerful, just as all the heroes of antiquity were supposed to be tall and strong. A king who was but five feet six could not wear the diadem; it would have been contrary to the decrees of taste.

"Lelio was small and slender; his beauty was not that of the features, but lay in the nobleness of his forehead, the irresistible grace of his attitude, the careless ease of his movements, the proud and melancholy expression of his face. I never saw in a statue, in a painting, in a man, so pure and ideal a capacity for beauty. The word *charm* should have been invented for him; it belonged to all his words, to all his glances, to all his motions.

"What shall I say? It was indeed a 'charm' which he threw around me. This man, who stepped, spoke, moved, without system or affectation, who sobbed with his heart as much as with his voice, who forgot himself to become identified with his passion; this man, in whom the body seemed wasted and shattered by the soul, and a single one of whose glances contained all the love I had failed to find in real life, exercised over me a really magnetic power. He had not been born in an age which could give him sympathy and fame; I alone could follow and understand him, and he was for five years my king, my life, my love.

"I could no longer live without seeing him; he ruled, he governed me. To me he was not a man, but in a different sense from that of Mme. de Ferrières. To me he was much more; his was an intellectual power, which formed my soul at its will. Soon I was unable to conceal the impression he made upon me. I gave up my box at the Comédie Française in order not to betray myself. I pretended I had become pious and that in the evening I went to pray in the churches. Instead of that I dressed myself as a workwoman, and mingled with the common people, that I might listen to him unconstrained. At last I bribed one of the employes of the theater and obtained possession of a little hidden corner where no one could see me, and which I reached by a side corridor. As an additional precaution I dressed myself as a school-boy. The follies I committed for a man with whom I had never exchanged a word or a glance, had for me all the charms of mystery and all the illusions of happiness. When the hour for the theater sounded in the large clock of my drawing-room, I was seized with violent palpitations. While my carriage was getting ready

I tried to collect, to control myself; and if Larrieux happened to be with me, I was harsh and rude to him, to send him away. I used infinite art to rid myself of all other intruders. The ingenuity with which this theatrical passion inspired me is incredible. I must have had great dissimulation and great tact to have hidden it for five years from Larrieux, who was the most jealous of men, and from all the malicious people who surrounded me.

"I must tell you that instead of struggling against this passion, I yielded to it with eagerness, with delight. It was so pure! Why should I have blushed for it? It gave me new life; it initiated me into all the feelings I had wished to experience; it almost made me a woman.

"I was happy, I was proud to feel myself thrill and tremble. The first time my dormant heart beat aloud was to me a triumph. I learned to pout, to laugh, to be playful and capricious. It was remarked that I grew handsomer every day, that my dark eye softened, that my smile was more expressive, that what I said was truer and had more meaning than could have been expected.

"My recollections of this period of my life are disconnected, for their number overwhelms me. As I tell them to you, it seems to me that I grow young again, and that my heart beats once more at the name of Lelio. I have just told you that when I heard the clock strike I trembled with joy and impatience. Even now I seem to feel the delicious oppression which used to overwhelm me at the sound of that clock. Since then, through the vicissitudes of fortune I have come to find myself very happy in the possession of a few small rooms in the Marais. Well, of my magnificent house, my aristocratic *faubourg,* and my past splendor, I regret only that which could have recalled to me those days of love and dreams. I have saved from the general ruin some pieces of furniture which belonged to me at that time, and which I look upon with as much emotion as if the hour for the theater were about to strike and my horses were pawing at the door. Oh, my child, never love as I loved. It is a storm which death alone can quell!

"Then I started, young, gay and happy. I learned to take pleasure in being young, wealthy and beautiful. Happiness revealed itself through every sense, by every pore. Seated in my coach, my feet buried in furs, I could see myself reflected in the mirror in front of me. The costume of that time, which has since been so much laughed at, was of extraordinary richness and splendor. When arranged with taste, and modified in its exaggerations, it endowed a beautiful woman with dignity, a softness, a grace, of which the portraits of that time can give you no idea. A woman, clothed in this panoply of feathers, silks, and flowers, was obliged to move slowly. I have seen very fair women in white robes with long trains of watered silk, their hair powdered and dressed with white plumes, who might without hyperbole have been compared to swans. Despite all Rousseau has said, those enormous folds of satin, that profusion of muslin, which enveloped a slender little body as down envelops the dove, made us resemble birds rather than wasps. Long wings of lace fell from our arms, and our ribbons, our dresses, and our jewels were variegated with the most brilliant colors. Balancing ourselves in our little high-heeled shoes, we seemed to fear to touch the earth, and we walked with the disdainful circumspection of a little bird on the edge of a brook.

"At the time of which I am speaking blond powder began to be worn, and gave the hair a light and soft color. This method of modifying the crude shades of the hair gave softness to the face, and an extraordinary brilliance to the eyes. The forehead was completely uncovered, its outline melted insensibly into the pale shades of the hair; it thus appeared higher and broader, and all women had a majestic air. It was then the fashion to dress the hair low, with large curls thrown back and falling on the neck. This was very becoming to me, and I was celebrated for the taste and magnificence of my dress. I sometimes wore red velvet trimmed with grebe-skin, sometimes white satin edged with tiger-skin, sometimes lilac damask shot with silver, with white feathers and pearls in my hair. Thus attired I would pay a few visits until the hour for the second piece at the theater, for Lelio never played in the first.

"I created a sensation wherever I appeared, and, when I again found myself in my carriage, I contemplated with much pleasure the reflected image of the woman who loved Lelio, and might have been beloved by him. Until then, the only pleasure I had found in being beautiful lay in the jealousy I excited. But from the moment that I loved, I began to enjoy my beauty for its own sake. It was all I had to offer Lelio as a compensation for the triumphs which were denied him in Paris, and I loved to think of the pride and joy this poor actor, so misjudged, so laughed at, would feel, were he told that the Marquise de R. had dedicated her heart to him.

"These were but dreams, however, as brief as they were beautiful. As soon as my thoughts assumed some consistency, as soon as they took the form of any plan whatever, I had the fortitude to suppress them, and all the pride of rank reasserted its empire over my soul. You seem surprised at this. I will explain it by-and-by. Let me still linger in the magic world of my recollections.

"About eight o'clock my carriage stopped at the little church of the Carmelites, near the Luxembourg, and I sent it away, for I was supposed to attend the religious lectures which were given there at that hour. But I only crossed the church and the garden, and came out in another street. I went to the garret of a young needlewoman named Florence, who was devoted to me. I locked myself up in her room, and joyfully laid aside all my adornments to don the black, square-cut coat, the sword and wig of a young college provisor. Tall as I was, with my dark complexion and inoffensive glance, I really had the awkward, hypocritical look of a little priestling who had stolen to the play. I took a hackney-coach, and hastened to hide myself in my little box at the theater. Then my joy, my terror, my impatience ceased. A profound calm descended upon me, and I remained until the rising of the curtain as if absorbed in the expectation of a great solemnity.

"As the vulture surrounds the partridge in his magnetic flight, and holds her panting and motionless in the magic circle he describes above her, the soul of Lelio, that great soul of a poet and tragedian, enveloped all my faculties and plunged me into a torpor of admiration. I listened, my hands clasped upon my knees, my chin upon the front of the box, and my forehead bathed in perspiration. I hardly breathed; the crude light of the lamps tortured my eyes, which, dry and burning, were fastened on his every gesture, his every step. I wished to seize his least breath, the slightest shadow upon his brow. His feigned emotions, his simulated misfortunes, impressed me as if they were real. I could hardly distinguish between truth and illusion. To me, Lelio no longer existed; he was Rodrigue, Bajazet, Hippolyte. I hated his enemies; I trembled at his dangers; his sorrows drew from me floods of tears; and when he died I was compelled to stifle my screams with my handkerchief. Between the acts I sank down exhausted in the back part of my box; I was as one dead until the meager tones of the orchestra warned me that the curtain was about to rise again. Then I sprang up, full of strength and ardor, to admire, to feel, to weep. How much freshness, poetry and youth there was in that man's talent! That whole generation must have been of ice not to have fallen at his feet.

"And yet, although he offended every conventional idea, although he could not adapt himself to the taste of that silly public, although he scandalized the women by the carelessness of his dress and deportment, and displeased the men by his contempt for their foolish exactions, there were moments when, by an irresistible fascination, by the power of his eye and his voice, he held the whole of this ungrateful public as if in the hollow of his hand, and compelled it to applaud and to tremble. This happened but seldom, for the entire spirit of an age cannot be suddenly changed; but when it did happen, the applause was frantic. It seemed as if the Parisians, subjugated by his genius, wished to atone for all their injustice. As for me, I believed that this man had at times a supernatural power, and that those who most bitterly despised him were compelled to swell his triumph in spite of themselves. In truth, at such times the Comédie Française seemed smitten with madness, and the spectators, on leaving the theater, were amazed to remember that they had applauded Lelio. As for me, I seized the opportunity to give full career to my emotion; I shouted, I wept, I passionately called his name. Happily for me, my weak voice was drowned in the storm which raged around me.

"At other times he was hissed when he seemed to me sublime, and then I left the theater, my heart full of rage. Those nights were the most dangerous for me. I was violently tempted to seek him out, to weep with him, to curse the age in which we lived, and console him by offering him my enthusiasm and my love.

"One evening, as I left the theater by the side passage which led to my box, a small, slender man passed in front of me, and turned into the street. One of the stage carpenters took off his hat and said: 'Good evening, Monsieur Lelio.' Eager to obtain a near view of his extraordinary man, I ran after him, crossed the street, and, forgetting the danger to which I exposed myself, followed him into a café. Fortunately, it was not one in which I was likely to meet any one of my own rank.

"When, by the light of a smoky lamp, I looked at Lelio, I thought I had been mistaken and had followed another man. He was at least thirty-five, sallow, withered and worn-out. He was badly dressed, he looked vulgar, spoke in a hoarse broken voice, shook hands with the meanest wretches, drank brandy, and swore horribly. It was not until I had heard his name repeated several times that I felt sure that this was the divinity of the theater, the interpreter of the great Corneille. I could recognize none of those charms which had so fascinated me, not even his glance, so proud, so ardent and so sad. His eye was dull, dead—almost stupid; his strongly accentuated pronunciation seemed ignoble when he called to the waiter, or talked of gambling and taverns. He walked badly, he looked vulgar, and the paint was only half wiped from his cheeks. It was no longer Hippolyte—it was Lelio. The temple was empty; the oracle was dumb; the divinity had become a man, not even a man—an actor. . . .

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

JOHN GODFREY SAXE, journalist and poet, was born at Highgate, Vermont, in 1816; died at Albany, New York, in 1887. He graduated from Middlebury College in 1839; tried the law, and finally became editor of the Burlington *Sentinel.* Later he was editor of the Albany *Journal.* He ranks as one of the best of America's humorous and satirical writers. His works include "New Rape of the Lock," "The Proud Miss McBride," "Fables and Legends in Verse" and "Leisure Day Rhymes."

MY FAMILIAR

Ecce iterum Crispinus!

AGAIN I hear that creaking step!—
  He's rapping at the door!—
Too well I know the boding sound
  That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
  The stoutest of my foes,
But heaven defend me from the friend
  Who comes,—but never goes!

He drops into my easy-chair
  And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
  And gives his candid views;
He tells me where he likes the line,
  And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strangest liberties,—
  But never takes his leave.

He reads my daily paper through
  Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric (that I wrote)
  And thinks it quite absurd;
He calmly smokes my last cigar,
  And coolly asks for more;
He opens everything he sees,—
  Except the entry door!

He talks about his fragile health
  And tells me of the pains
He suffers from a score of ills
  Of which he ne'er complains,
And how he struggled once with death
  To keep the fiend at bay;
On themes like these away he goes,—
  But never goes away!

He tells me of the carping words
  Some shallow critic wrote,
And every precious paragraph
  Familiarly can quote;
He thinks the writer did me wrong;
  He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things,—
  But never says "Adieu!"

Whene'er he comes,—that dreadful man,—
  Disguise it as I may,
I know that, like an autumn rain,
  He'll last throughout the day.
In vain I speak of urgent tasks,
  In vain I scowl and pout;
A frown is no extinguisher,—
  It does not put him out!

I mean to take the knocker off,
Put crape upon the door,
Or hint to John that I am gone
To stay a month or more.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But heaven defend me from the friend
Who never, never goes!

MY CASTLE IN SPAIN

THERE'S a Castle in Spain, very charming to see,
Though built without money or toil;
Of this handsome estate I am owner in fee,
And paramount lord of the soil;
And oft as I may I'm accustomed to go
And live like a king in my Spanish Château.

There's a dame most deliciously rounded and ripe,
Whose wishes are never absurd,
Who doesn't object to my smoking a pipe
Nor insist on the ultimate word;
In short, she's the pink of perfection, you know,
And she lives like a queen in my Spanish Château.

I've a family, too: the delightfullest girls,
And a bevy of beautiful boys;
All quite the reverse of those juvenile churls
Whose pleasure is mischief and noise.
No modern Cornelia might venture to show
Such jewels as those in my Spanish Château.

I have servants who seek their contentment in mine,
And always mind what they're at;
Who never embezzle the sugar and wine,
And slander the innocent cat;
Neither saucy nor careless, nor stupidly slow,
Are the servants who wait in my Spanish Château.

I've pleasant companions: most affable folk,
  And each with the heart of a brother;
Keen wits who enjoy an antagonist's joke,
  And beauties who are fond of each other.
Such people indeed as you never may know
Unless you should come to my Spanish Château.

I have friends whose commission for wearing the name
  In kindness unfailing is shown;
Who pay to another the duty they claim,
  And deem his successes their own;
Who joy in his gladness, and weep at his woe:
You'll find them (where else?) in my Spanish Château!

"O si sic semper!" I oftentimes say,
  (Though 'tis idle, I know, to complain),
To think that again I must force me away
  From my beautiful Castle in Spain!

EARLY RISING

"GOD bless the man who first invented sleep!"
  So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him also that he didn't keep
  His great discovery to himself, nor try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent-right!

Yes,—bless the man who first invented sleep,
  (I really can't avoid the iteration)
But blast the man with curses loud and deep,
  Whate'er the rascal's name or age or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off—Early Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
  Observes some solemn, sentimental owl;
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
  But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all!

"The time for honest folks to be abed
  Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
  Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery, or else—he drinks!

Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
  It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season;
But then he said it—lying—in his bed,
  At ten o'clock, A. M.,—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis doubtless, well to be sometimes awake,—
  Awake to duty, and awake to truth,—
But when, alas! a nice review we take
  Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood, or asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
  For the soft visions of the gentle night;
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
  To live as only in the angel's sight,
In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin!

So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.
  I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
  Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, "Served him right!—it's not at all surprising;
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

JOHANN C. F. VON SCHILLER

Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller, German poet, dramatist and prose writer; was born at Marbach, in Würtemberg, in 1759; died at Weimar in 1805. His early interests were divided between medicine and literature. His first drama, "The Robbers," he wrote when only nineteen. It is still acted. He wrote, in 1788, "The Revolt of the Netherlands," His most famous works are: "Mary Stuart," ' The Maid of Orleans," "William Tell," "The Death of Wallenstein" and "The Piccolomini."

KING PHILIP II. OF SPAIN AND THE MARQUIS OF POSA

(From "Don Carlos," translated by R. D. Boylan)

King.—We've met before, then?
Mar.— No.
King.— You did my crown
Some service. Why, then, do you shun my thanks?
My memory is thronged with suitor's claims.
One only is Omniscient. 'Twas your duty
To seek your monarch's eye. Why did you not?
Mar.—Two days have scarce elapsed since my return
From foreign travel, Sire.
King.— I would not stand
Indebted to a subject; ask some favor.
Mar.—I enjoy the laws.
King.— So does the murderer.
Mar.—Then how much more the honest citizen!
My lot contents me, Sire.

King. (*Aside.*)—By Heavens! a proud
And dauntless mind! That was to be expected.
Proud would I have my Spaniards. Better far
The cup should overflow than not be full.—
They say you left my service?
Mar.— To make way
For some one worthier I withdrew.
King.— 'Tis pity.
When spirits such as yours make holiday,
The State must suffer. But perchance you feared
To miss the post best suited to your merits.
Mar.—Oh, no! I doubt not that the experienced judge
In human nature skilled—his proper study—
Will have discerned at a glance wherein
I may be useful, wherein not.
With deepest gratitude I feel the favor
Wherewith by so exalted an opinion,
Your Majesty is loading me; and yet——
King.—You hesitate?
Mar.— I am, I must confess,
Sire, at this moment unprepared to clothe
My thoughts, as the world's citizen, in phrase
Becoming to your subject. When I left
The court forever, Sire, I deemed myself
Released from the necessity to give
My reasons for this step.
King.— Are they so weak?
What do you fear to risk by their disclosure?
Mar.—My life, at farthest, Sire, were time allowed
For time to weary you; but this denied,
The Truth itself must suffer. I must choose
'Twixt your displeasure and contempt. And, if
I must decide, I would rather appear
Worthy of punishment than pity.
King.— Well?
Mar.—I cannot be the servant of a Prince.
I will not cheat the buyer. Should you deem

Me worthy of your service, you prescribe
A course of duty for me; you command
My arm in battle and my head in council
Then, not my actions, but the applause they meet
At court, becomes the object. But for me
Virtue possesses an intrinsic worth.
I would myself create that happiness,
A Monarch, with my hand, would seek to plant;
And duty's task would prove an inward joy,
And be my willing choice. Say, like you this?
And in your own creation could you bear
A new creator? For I ne'er could stoop
To be the chisel, where I fain would be
The sculptor's self. I dearly love mankind,
My gracious Liege; but in a Monarchy
I dare not love another than myself.
King.—This ardor is most laudable. You wish
To do good deeds to others; how you do them
Is but of small account to patriots
Or to the wise. Choose, then, within these realms,
The office where you best may satisfy
This noble impulse.
Mar.— 'Tis not to be found.
King.—How!
Mar.—What your Majesty would spread abroad
Through these weak hands—is it the good of men?
Is it the happiness that my pure love
Would to mankind impart? Before such bliss
Monarchs would tremble. No! Court policy
Has raised up new enjoyments for mankind,
Which she is always rich enough to grant;
And wakened in the hearts of men new wishes
Which such enjoyments only can content.
In her own merit she coins the Truth—such truth
As she herself can tolerate; all forms
Unlike her own are broken. But is that
Which can content the Court enough for me?
Must my affection for my brother pledge

Itself to work my brother injury?
To call him happy when he dare not think?
Sire, choose not me to spread the happiness
Which you have stamped for us. I must decline
To circulate such coin. I cannot be
The servant of a Prince.
King.— You are, perhaps,
A Protestant?
Mar.—Our creeds, my Liege, are one.
I am misunderstood; I feared as much.
You see the veil torn by my hands aside
From all the mysteries of Majesty.
Who can assure you I shall still regard
As sacred that which ceases to alarm me?
I may seem dangerous because I think
Above myself. The world is yet
Umpire for my ideal; and I live
A citizen of ages yet to come.
But does a fancied picture break your rest,
A breath of yours destroys it.
King. Say, am I
The first to whom your views are known?
Mar.— You are.
King. (*Aside.*)—This tone at least is new; but flattery
Exhausts itself; and men of talent still
Disdain to imitate. So let us test
Its opposite for once. Why should I not?
There is a charm in novelty. Should we
Be so agreed, I will bethink me now
Of some new State employment, in whose duties
Your powerful mind——
Mar. Sire, I perceive how small,
How mean, your notions are of manly worth.
Suspecting in an honest man's discourse
Naught but a flatterer's artifice. Methinks
I can explain the cause of this your error.
Mankind compel you to it. With free choice

They have disclaimed their true nobility.
Lowered themselves to their degraded state.
Before man's inward worth, as from a phantasm,
They fly in terror; and, contented with
Their poverty, they ornament their chains
With slavish prudence; and they call it virtue
To bear them with a show of resignation.
Thus did you find the world; and thus it was
By your great father handed over to you.
In this debased condition, how could you
Respect mankind?

King.— Your words contain some truth.

[*The Count Lerma enters, whispers a few words to the King, and withdraws. The King continues to the Marquis.*]

King.— Proceed; you had
Yet more to say to me.

Mar. Your Majesty,
I lately passed through Flanders and Brabant—
So many rich and blooming provinces,
Filled with a valiant, great, and honest people!
To be the father of a race like this
I thought must be divine indeed! And then
I stumbled on a heap of dead men's bones.
True, you were forced to act so; but that you
Could dare fulfil your task—this fills my soul
With shuddering horror. O 'tis pity that
The victim, weltering in his blood, must cease
To chant the praises of his sacrificer;
And that mere men—not beings loftier far—
Should write the history of the world! But soon
A milder age will follow that of Philip—
An age of true wisdom. Then the careful State
Will spare her children, and Necessity
No longer glory to be thus inhuman.

King.—When, think you, would that blessed age arrive
If I had shrunk before the curse of this?

Behold my Spain! See here the burghers' good
Blooms in eternal and unclouded peace.
A peace like this I will bestow on Flanders.
Mar.—The church-yard's peace! And do you hope to end
What you have now begun? Say, do you hope
To check the ripening change of Christendom—
The universal Spring that shall renew
The earth's fair form? Would you alone in Europe
Fling yourself down before the rapid wheel
Of Destiny, which rolls its ceaseless course,
And seizes its spokes with human arms? Vain thought!
Already thousands have your kingdom fled
In joyful poverty. The honest burgher,
In his faith exiled, was your noblest subject!
See, with a mother's arms, Elizabeth
Welcomes the fugitives; and Britain blooms
In rich luxuriance from our country's ails.
Bereft of the New Christians' industry,
Granada lies forsaken, and all Europe
Exulting sees its foe oppressed with wounds
By its own hands inflicted.
You would plant
For all eternity, and yet the seeds
You sow around you are the seeds of death!
This hopeless task, with Nature's laws at strife,
Will ne'er survive the spirit of its founder.
You labor for ingratitude. In vain
With Nature you engage in desperate struggle;
In vain you waste your high and loyal life
In projects of destruction. Man is greater
Than you esteem him. He will burst the chains
Of a long slumber, and reclaim once more
His just and hallowed rights. With Nero's name,
And fell Busiris's will he couple yours—
And, ah! you once deserved a better fate!
King.—How know you that?

Mar.— In very truth, you did.
Yes—I repeat it—by the Almighty power!—
Restore us all you have deprived us of;
And generous, as glorious, let happiness
Flow from your horn-of-plenty; let man's mind
Ripen in your vast empire. Give us back
All you have taken from us; and become,
Amidst a thousand kings, a King indeed!
Oh, that the eloquence of all those myriads,
Whose fate depends on this momentous hour,
Could hover on my lips; and, from the spark
That lights thine eye, into a glorious flame!
Renounce the mimicry of godlike powers
Which levels us to nothing. Be in truth
An image of the Deity Himself!
Never did mortal man possess so much,
For purpose so divine. The kings of Europe
Pay homage to the name of Spain. Be you
The leader of these kings! One pen-stroke now—
One motion of your hand—can new create
The earth! But grant us liberty of thought. . . .
King.—I've heard you to the end. Far differently,
I find, than in the minds of other men
The world exists in yours. And you shall not
By foreign laws be judged. I am the first
To whom you have your secret mind disclosed.
I know it. So believe it—for the sake
Of this forbearnce—that you have till now
Concealed these sentiments, although embraced
With so much ardor: for this cautious prudence
I will forget, young man, that I have learned them
And how I learned them. *Rise!* I will not confute
Your youthful dreams by my matured experience,
Not by my power as King. Such is my will,
And therefore act I thus. Poison itself
May, in a worthy nature, be transformed
To some benignant use. Not to you
Will I become a Nero—not to you!

And you, at least, beneath my very eyes,
May dare continue to remain a Man!
Mar.—And, Sire, my fellow-subjects?—Not for me,
Nor my own cause, I pleaded. Sire, your subjects——
King,—Nay, if you know so well how future times
Will judge me, let them learn, at least, from you,
That when I found a Man, I could respect him.
Mar.—Oh, let not the most just of kings at once
Be the most unjust! In your realm of Flanders
There are a thousand better men than I.
But you, Sire—may I dare to say so much—
For the first time, perhaps, see Liberty
In milder form portrayed.
King.— No more of this.
Young man! You would, I know, think otherwise
Had you but learned to understand mankind
As I. But truly; I would not that this meeting
Should prove our last. How can I hope to win you?
Mar.—Pray leave me as I am. What value, Sire,
Should I be to you, were you to corrupt me?
King.—This pride I will not bear. From this day forth
I hold you in my service.—No remonstrance!

SONG OF THE BELL

(Translated by S. A. Ellis)

FASTENED deep in firmest earth
Stands the mould of well-burnt clay,
Now we'll give the bell its birth.
Quick, my friends, without delay!
From the heated brow
Sweat must freely flow
If to your Master praise be given;
But the blessing comes from heaven. . . .

With splinters of the driest pine
Now feed the fire below,
Then the rising flame shall shine,
And the melting ore shall flow.
Boils the melting brass within
Quickly add the tin,
That the thick, metallic mass
Rightly to the mould shall pass.

What with the aid of fire's dread power,
We in the dark, deep pit now hide,
Shall on some lofty, sacred tower
Tell of our skill, and form our pride;
And it shall last to days remote
Shall thrill the ear of many a race;
Shall sound with sonorous, mournful note,
And call to pure devotion's grace.
Whatever to the sons of earth
Their changing destiny brings down,
To the deep, solemn clang gives birth
That rings from out the metal crown. . . .

Now we may begin to cast.
All is right and well prepared;
Yet, ere the anxious moment's past,
A pious hope by all be shared.
Strike the stopper clear;
God preserve us here!
Sparkling to the rounded mould
It rushes hot, like liquid gold.
How useful is the power of flame
If human skill control and tame;
And much of all that man can boast,
Without that child of Heaven were lost.
But frightful is her changing mien
When bursting from her bonds, she's seen
To quit the safe and quiet hearth,
And wander lawless o'er the earth.

Woe to those whom then she meets!
Against her fury who can stand?
Along the thickly peopled streets
She madly hurls her fearful brand.
Then the elements, with joy,
Man's best handiwork destroy.
From the clouds
Falls amain
The blessed rain:
From the clouds alike
Lightnings strike.

Ringing loud, the fearful knell
Sounds the Bell;
Dark, blood-red
Are all the skies;
But no dawning light is spread.
What wild cries
From the street arise!
Smoke dims the eyes.
Thicker mounts the fiery glow
Along the street's extended row;
Fast as the fiercest winds can blow;
Bright, as with a furnace glare,
And scorching is the heated air,
Beams are falling, children crying,
Windows breaking, mothers flying,
Creatures many, crushed and dying;
All is uproar, hurry, flight;
And light as day the dreadful night.
Along the eager, living lane—
Though all in vain—
Speeds the bucket; the engine's power
Sends the artificial shower.
But see, the heavens threatening lower!
The winds rush roaring to the flame.
Cinders on the storehouse-frame

And the driest stores fall thick;
While kindling, blazing, mounting quick,
As though it would, at one fell sweep,
All that on earth is found
Scatter wide in ruin round.
Swells the flame to heaven's blue deep,
With giant size.
Hope now dies:
Man must yield to Heaven's decrees:
Submissive, yet appalled, he sees
His fairest works in ashes sleep. . . .

To the earth it's now committed;
With success the mould is filled.
To skill and care alone's permitted
A perfect work with love to build.
Is the casting right?
Is the mould yet tight?
Ah! while now with hope we wait
Mischance perhaps, attends its fate.

To the dark lap of Mother Earth
We now confide what we have made;
As in earth, too, the seed is laid,
In hope the seasons will give birth
To fruits that soon may be displayed.
And yet more precious seed we sow
With sorrow in the world's wide field;
And hope, though in the grave laid low,
A flower of heavenly hue 'twill yield.
Till the Bell is safely cold
May our heavy labors rest;
Free as the bird, by none controlled,
Each may do what pleases best.
With approaching night
Twinkling stars are bright.
Vespers call the boys to play;
The Master's toils end not with day.

Now break up the useless mould,
Its only purpose is fulfilled.
May our eyes, well pleased, behold
A work to prove us not unskilled.
Wield the hammer well
Till the frame shall yield!
That the Bell to light may rise,
That form in thousand fragments flies. . . .

God has given us joy to-night!
See, how like the golden grain
From the husk, all smooth and bright,
The shining metal now is ta'en.
From lip to well-formed rim,
Not a spot is dim:
E'en the motto, neatly raised,
Shows a skill may well be praised.
Around, around,
Companions all, take your ground,
And name the bell with joy profound!
Concordia is the word we've found
Most meet to express the harmonious sound
That calls to those in friendship bound.

Be this henceforth the destined end
To which the finished work we send
High over every meaner thing,
In the blue canopy of heaven,
Near to the thunder let it swing,
A neighbor to the stars be given.
Let its clear voice above proclaim,
With brightest troops of distant suns,
The praise of our Creator's name,
While round each circling season runs.
To solemn thoughts of heartfelt power
Let its deep note full oft invite,
And tell, with every passing hour,
Of hastening time's unceasing flight.

Still let it mark the course of fate;
    Its cold, unsympathizing voice
Attend on every changing state
    Of human passions, griefs, and joys.
And as the mighty sound it gives
    Dies gently on the listening ear,
We feel how quickly all that lives
    Must change, and fade, and disappear.

Now, lads, join your strength around!
    Lift the bell to upper air!
And in the kingdom wide of sound
    Once placed, we'll leave it there.
        All together! heave!
        Its birthplace see it leave!—
Joy to all within its bound!
Peace its first, its latest sound!

◆

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Sir Walter Scott, born in Edinburgh, 1771; died 1832. He first became famous as a poet. "Marmion," "Lady of the Lake" and "Lay of the Last Minstrel" will never lose their popularity. Then he turned his pen to fiction, and acquired still greater renown. To mention "Ivanhoe," "Rob Roy," "Guy Mannering," "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "The Legend of Montrose," "Kenilworth" and "Waverly" is to give a list of works which have delighted readers the world over ever since their appearance, and will continue to hold a foremost place in human admiration till the end of time.

BOAT SONG

(From "Lady of the Lake")

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honor'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Send our shout back again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe !"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.

Moor'd in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe,
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oarsfi for the ever-green Pine!
O! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine.
O, that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honor'd and blessed in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan Alpine then
Ring from her deepest glen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

AMY ROBSART'S APARTMENT AT CUMNOR

(From "Kenilworth")

FROM this antechamber opened a banqueting-room of moderate size, but brilliant enough to dazzle the eyes of the spectator with the richness of its furniture. The walls lately so bare and ghastly, were now clothed with hangings of sky-blue velvet and silver; the chairs were of ebony, richly carved, with cushions corresponding to the hangings; and the place of the silver sconces which enlightened the antechamber was supplied by a huge chandelier, of the same precious metal. The floor was covered with a Spanish foot-cloth, or carpet, on which flowers and fruits were represented in such glowing and natural colors, that you hesitated to place the foot on such exquisite workmanship. The table of old English oak stood ready covered with the finest linen; and a large, portable court cupboard was placed, with the leaves of its embossed folding-doors displayed, showing the shelves within, decorated with a full display of plate and porcelain. In the midst of the table stood a salt-cellar of Italian workmanship,—a beautiful and splendid piece of plate, about two feet high, moulded into a representation of the giant Briareus, whose hundred hands of silver presented to the guest various sorts of spices, or condiments, to season their food withal.

The third apartment was called the withdrawing-room. It was hung with the finest tapestry, representing the fall of Phaeton, for the looms of Flanders were now much occupied on classical subjects. The principal seat of this apartment was a chair of state, raised a step or two from the floor, and large enough to contain two persons. It was surmounted by a canopy, which, as well as the cushions, side-curtains, and the very foot-cloth, were composed of crimson velvet embroidered with seed-pearl. On the top of the canopy were two coronets, resembling those of an earl and countess. Stools covered with velvet, and some cushions disposed in the Moorish fashion, and ornamented with Arabesque needlework, supplied the place of chairs in this apartment, which contained musical instruments, embroidery frames, and other articles for ladies' pastime. Besies lesser lights, the withdrawing-room was illuminated by four tall torches of virgin wax, each of which was placed in the—grasp of a statue, representing an armed Moor, who held in his left arm a round buckler of silver, highly polished, interposed betwixt his breast and the light, which was thus brilliantly reflected as from a crystal mirror.

The sleeping chamber belonging to this splendid suite of apartments was decorated in a taste less showy, but not less rich, than had been displayed in the others. Two silver lamps, fed with perfumed oil, diffused at once a delicious odor and a trembling, twilight-seeming shimmer through the quiet apartment. It was carpeted so thick that the heaviest step could not have been heard; and the bed, richly heaped with down, was spread with an ample coverlet of silk and gold; from under which peeped forth cambric sheets, and blankets as white as the lambs which yielded the fleece that made them. The curtains were of blue velvet, lined with crimson silk, deeply festooned with gold, and embroidered with the loves of Cupid and Psyche. On the toilet was a beautiful Venetian mirror, in a frame of silver filigree, and beside it stood a gold posset-dish to contain the night-draught. A pair of pistols and a dagger mounted with gold were displayed near the head of the bed, being the arms for the night, which were presented to honored guests, rather, it may be supposed, in the way of ceremony than from any apprehension of danger. We must not omit to mention, what was more to the credit of the manners of the time, that, in a small recess, illuminated by a taper, were disposed two hassocks of velvet and gold, corresponding with the bed-furniture, before a desk of carved ebony. This recess had formerly been the private oratory of the abbot; but the crucifix was removed, and instead there were placed on the desk two

Books of Common Prayer richly bound and embossed with silver. With this enviable sleeping apartment, which was so far removed from every sound, save that of the wind sighing among the oaks of the park, that Morpheus might have coveted it for his own proper repose, corresponded two wardrobes, or dressing-rooms as they are now termed, suitably furnished, and in a style of the same magnificence which we have already described. It ought to be added that a part of the building in the adjoining wing was occupied by the kitchen and its offices, and served to accommodate the personal attendants of the wealthy nobleman for whose use these magnificent preparations had been made.

THE MARCH OF THE HIGHLANDERS

(From "Waverley")

UPON extricating themselves from the mean and dirty suburbs of the metropolis, and emerging into the open air, Waverly felt a renewal both of health and spirits, and turned his recollection with firmness upon the events of the preceding evening, and with hope and resolution towards those of the approaching day.

When he had surmounted a small craggy eminence called St. Leonard's Hill, the King's Park, or the hollow between the mountain of Arthur's Seat and the rising grounds on which the southern part of Edinburgh is now built, lay beneath him, and displayed a singular and animating prospect. It was occupied by the army of the Highlanders now in the act of preparing for their march. Waverley had already seen something of the kind at the hunting-match, which he attended with Fergus MacIvor; but this was on a scale of much greater magnitude and incomparably deeper interest. The rocks which formed the background of the scene, and the very sky itself, rang with the clang of the bagpipes, summoning forth, each with his appropriate pibroch, his chieftain and clan The mountaineers, rousing themselves from their couch under the canopy of heaven, with the hum and bustle of a confused and irregular multitude, like bees alarmed and arming in their hives, seemed to possess all the pliability of movement fitted to execute military maneuvers. Their motions appeared spontaneous and confused, but the result was order and regularity; so that a general must have praised the conclusion, though a martinet might have ridiculed the method by which it was attained.

The sort of complicated medley created by the hasty arrangements of the various clans under their respective banners, for the purpose of getting into the order of march, was in itself a gay and lively spectacle. They had no tents to strike, having generally, and by choice, slept upon the open field, although the autumn was now waning, and the nights began to be frosty. For a little space, while they were getting into order, there was exhibited a changing, fluctuating, and confused appearance of waving tartans and floating plumes, and of banners displaying the proud gathering-word of Clanronald, —"Ganion Coheriga!" (Gainsay who dares!); "Loch-Sloy," the watchword of the Macfarlanes; "Forth, Fortune, and fill the fetters," the motto of the Marquis of Tullibardine; "Bydand," that of Lord Lewis Gordon; and the appropriate signal words and emblems of many other chieftains and clans.

At length the mixed and wavering multitude arranged themselves into a narrow and dusky column of great length, stretching through the whole extent of the valley. In the front of the column the standard of the Chevalier was displayed, bearing a red cross upon a white ground, with the motto "Tandem Triumphans." The few cavalry being chiefly Lowland gentry, with their domestic servants and retainers, formed the advanced guard of the army; and their standards, of which they had rather too many in respect of their numbers, were seen waving upon the extreme verge of the horizon. Many horsemen of this body, among whom Waverley accidentally remarked Balmawhapple and his lieutenant Jinker (which last, however, had been reduced with several others, by the advice of the Baron of Bradwardine, to the situation of what he called reformed officers, or reformadoes), added to the liveliness, though by no means to the regularity of the scene, by galloping their horses as fast forward as the press would permit, to join their proper station in the van. The fascinations of the Circes of the High Street, and the potations of strength with which they had been drenched overnight, had probably detained these heroes within the walls of Edinburgh somewhat later than was consistent with their morning duty. Of such loiterers, the prudent took the longer and circuitous but more open route, to attain their place in the march, by keeping at some distance from the infantry, and making their way through the enclosures to the right, at the expense of leaping over or pulling down the drystone fences. The irregular appearance and vanishing of these small parties of horsemen,—as well as the confusion occasioned by those who endeavored, though generally without effect, to press to the front, through the crowd of Highlanders, mauger their curses, oaths, and opposition,—added to the picturesque wildness what it took from the military regularity of the scene.

BAILIE JARVIE AND ROB ROY

(From "Rob Roy")

THE friendly outlaw, now taking me by the arm, conducted me into the interior of the hut. My eyes roved round its smoky recesses in quest of Diana and her companion, but they were nowhere to be seen, and I felt as if to make inquiries might betray some secret motives which were best concealed. The only known countenance upon which my eyes rested was that of the bailie, who, seated on a stool by the fireside, received, with a sort of reserved dignity, the welcomes of Rob Roy, the apologies which he made for his indifferent accommodation, and his inquiries after his health.

"I am pretty weel, kinsman," said the bailie—"indifferent weel, I thank ye; and for accommodations, ane canna expect to carry about the Saut Market at his tail, as a snail does his caup; and I am blythe that ye hae gotten out o' the hands o' your unfreends."

"Weel, weel, then," answered Roy, "what is't ails ye, man?—a's weel that ends weel!—the warld will last our day. Come, tak a cup of brandy—your father the deacon could tak ane at an orra time."

"It might be he might do sae, Robin, after fatigue. Whilk has been my lot mair ways then ane this day. But," he continued, slowly filling up a little wooden stoup which might hold about three glasses, "he was a moderate man of his bicker, as I am mysell. Here's wussing health to ye, Robin (a sip), and your weelfare here and hereafter (another taste); and also to my cousin Helen—and to your twa hopefu' lads of whom mair anon."

So saying, he drank up the contents of the cup with great gravity and deliberation, while Macgregor winked aside to me, as if in ridicule of the air of wisdom and superior authority which the bailie assumed towards him in their intercourse, and which he exercised when Rob was at the head of his armed clan, in full as great, or a greater degree, than when he was at the bailie's mercy in the Tolbooth of Glasgow. It seemed to me that Macgregor wished me, as a stranger, to understand, that if he submitted to the tone which his kinsman assumed it was partly out of deference to the rights of hospitality, but still more for the jest's sake.

As the bailie set down his cup, he recognized me, and giving me a cordial welcome on my return, he waived further communication with me for the present.

"I will speak to your matters anon: I maun begin, as in reason, wi' those of my kinsman. I presume, Robin, there's naebody here will carry aught o' what I am gaun to say to the Town Council, or elsewhere, to my prejudice or to yours?"

"Make yourself easy on that head, Cousin Nicol," answered Macgregor: "the tae half of the gillies winna ken what ye say, and the tother winna care—besides that, I wad stow the tongue out o' the head o' ony o' them that suld presume to say ower again ony speech held wi' me in their presence."

"Aweel, cousin, sic being the case, and Mr. Osbaldistone here being a prudent youth and a safe friend, I'se plainly tell ye, ye are breeding up your family to gang an ill gate." Then, clearing his voice with a preliminary "hem," he addressed his kinsman, checking, as Malvolio proposed to do when seated in his seat, his familiar smile with an austere regard of control, "Ye ken yoursell ye haud light by the law—and for my Cousin Helen, forbye that her reception o' me this blessed day, whilk I excuse on account of pertubation of mind, was muckle on the north side o' *friendly*, I say (outputing this personal reason of complaint) I hae that to say o' your wife"—

"Say *nothing* of her, kinsman," said Rob, in a grave and stern tone, "but what is befitting a friend to say and a husband to hear. Of me you are welcome to say your full pleasure."

"Aweel, aweel," said the bailie, somewhat disconcerted, "we'se let that be a passover—I dinna approve of making mischief in families. But here are your twa sons, Hanish and Robin, whilk signifies, as I'm gi'en to understand, James and Robert—I trust ye will call them sae in future—there comes nae gude o' Hamishes, and Eachines, and Anguses, except that they're the names ane aye chances to see in the indictments at the Western Circuits for cow-lifting, at the instance of his Majesty's Advocate for his Majesty's interest. Aweel; but the twa lads, as I was saying, they haena say muckle as the ordinar grunds, man, of liberal education—they dinna ken the very multiplication table itself, whilk is the root o' a' useful knowledge, and they did naething but laugh and fleer at me when I tauld them my mind on their ignorance. It's my belief that they can neither read, write, nor cipher—if sic a thing could be believed o' ane's ain connections in a Christian land!"

"If they could kinsman," said Macgregor, with great indifference, "their learning must have come o' free will, for war the deil was I to get them a teacher? Wad ye hae had me put on the gate o' your Divinity Hall at Glasgow College, 'Wanted, a tutor for Rob Roy's bairns'?"

"Na, kinsman," replied Mr. Jarvie; "but ye might hae sent the lads whar they could hae learned the fear o' God, and the usages of civilized creatures. They are as ignorant as the kyloes ye used to drive to market, or the very English churls that ye sauld them to, and can do naething whatever to purpose."

"Umph!" answered Rob; "Hamish can bring doun a blackcock when he's on the wing wi' a single bullet, and Rob can drive a dirk through a twa-inch board."

"Sae muckle the waur for them, cousin!—sae muckle the war for them baith!" answered the Glasgow merchant, in a tone of great decision; "an they ken naething better than that they had better no ken that neither. Tell me yoursell, Rob, what has a' this cutting and stabbing, and shooting, and driving of dirks, whether through human flesh or fir deals, dune for yoursell? And werena ye a happier man at the tail o' your nowte-bestial, when ye were in an honest calling, than ever ye hae been since, at the head o' your Hieland kernes and gallyglasses?"

I observed that Macgregor, while his well-meaning kinsman spoke to him in this manner, turned and writhed his body, like a man who indeed suffers pain, but is determined no groan shall escape his lips; and I longed for an opportunity to interrupt the well-meant, but, as it was obvious to me, quite mistaken strain, in which Jarvie addressed this extraordinary person. The dialogue, however, came to an end without my interference.

"And sae," said the bailie, "I hae been thinking, Rob, that as it may be ye are ower deep in the black book to win a pardon, and ower auld to mend yoursell, that it wad be a pity to bring up twa hopefu' lads to sic a godless trade as you're in; and I wad blithely tak them for 'prentices at the loom as I began mysell, and my father the deacon afore me, though, praise to the Giver, I only trade now as wholesale dealer. And—and——"

He saw a storm gathering on Rob's brow, which probably induced him to throw in, as a sweetener of an obnoxious proposition, what he had reserved to crown his own generosity, had it been embraced as an acceptable one. "And, Robin, lad; ye needna look sae glum, for I'll pay the 'prentice fee, and never plague ye for the thousand merks neither."

"*Ceade millia diaoul*—hundred thousand devils!" exclaimed Rob, rising and striding through the hut. "My sons weavers!—*millia molligheart!*—but I wad see every loom in Glasgow, beam, traddles, and shuttles, burnt in hell-fire sooner!"

With some difficulty I made the bailie, who was preparing a reply, comprehend the risk and impropriety of pressing our host on this topic, and in a minute he recovered, or re-assumed his serenity of temper.

"But ye mean weel—ye mean weel," said he; "so gie me your hand, Nicol. And if ever I put my sons apprentice, I will give you the refusal o' them. And, as you say, there's the thousand merks to be settled between us! Here, Eachin MacAnaleister, bring me my sporran."

The person he addressed, a tall, strong mountaineer, who seemed to act as Macgregor's lieutenant, brought from some place of safety a large, leathern pouch, such as the Highlanders of rank wear before them when in full dress, made of the skin of the sea-otter, richly garnished with silver ornaments and studs.

"I advise no man to attempt opening this sporran till he has my secret," said Rob Roy; and then twisting one button in one direction, and another in another, pulling one stud upward, and pressing another downward, the mouth of the purse, which was bound with massive silver plate, opened and gave admittance to his hand. He made me remark, as if to break short the subject on which Bailie Jarvie had spoken, that a small steel pistol was concealed within the purse, the trigger of which was connected with the mounting, and made part of the machinery so that the weapon would certainly be discharged, and in all probability its contents lodged in the person of any one who, being unacquainted with the secret, should tamper with the lock which secured his treasure. "This," said he, touching the pistol, "this is the keeper of my privy purse."

The simplicity of the contrivance to secure a furred pouch, which could have been ripped open without any attempt on the spring, reminded me of the verses in "The Odyssey," where Ulysses, in a yet ruder age, is content to secure his property by casting a curious and involved complication of cordage around the sea-chest in which it was deposited.

The bailie put on his spectacles to examine the mechanism, and when he had done, returned it with a smile and a sigh, observing, "Ah, Rob! had ither folks' purses been as weel guarded, I doubt if your sporran wad hae been as weel filled as it kythes to be by the weight."

"Never mind, kinsman," said Rob, laughing: "it will aye open for a friend's necessity, or to pay a just due. And here," he added, pulling out a rouleau of gold, "here is your ten hundred merks: count them, and see that you are full and justly paid."

Mr. Jarvie took the money in silence, and weighing it in his hand for an instant, laid it on the table, and replied: "Rob, I canna tak it. I douna intromit with it—there can nae gude come o't. I hae seen ower weel the day what sort of a gate your gowd is made in—ill-got gear ne'er prospered; and, to be plain wi' you, I winna meddle wi't. It looks as there might be bluid on't."

"Trontsho!" said the outlaw, affecting an indifference which perhaps he did not altogether feel; "it's gude French gowd, and ne'er was in Scotchman's pouch before mine. Look at them, man—they are a' louis-d'ors, bright and bonny as the day they were coined."

"The waur, the waur—just sae muckle the waur, Robin," replied the bailie, averting his eyes from the money, though, like Cæsar on the Lupercal, his fingers seemed to itch for it. "Rebellion is waur than witchcraft, or robbery either! there's gospel warrant for't."

"Never mind the warrant, kinsman," said the freebooter: "you come by the gowd honestly, and in payment of a just debt. It came from the one king, you may gie it to the other if ye like; and it will just serve for a weakening of the enemy, and in the point where puir King James is weakest, too—for, God knows, he has hands and hearts eneugh, but I doubt he wants the siller."

"He'll no get money Hielanders then, Robin," said Mr. Jarvie, as, again replacing his spectacles on his nose, he undid the rouleau, and began to count its contents.

"Nor Lowlanders neither," said Macgregor, arching his eyebrows, and, as he looked at me, directing a glance towards Mr. Jarvie, who, all unconscious of the ridicule, weighed each piece with habitual scrupulosity; and having told twice over the sum, which amounted to the discharge of his debt, principal and interest, he returned three pieces to buy his kinswoman a gown, as he expressed himself, and a brace more for the twa bairns, as he called them, requesting they might buy anything they liked with them—except gunpowder.

The Highlander stared at his kinsman's unexpected generosity, but courteously accepted his gift, which he deposited for the time in his well-secured pouch.

The bailie next produced the original bond for the debt, on the back of which he had written a formal discharge, which, having subscribed himself, he requested me to sign as a witness. I did so, and Bailie Jarvie was looking anxiously around for another, the Scottish law requiring the subscription of two witnesses to validate either a bond or acquittance.

"You will hardly find a man that can write, save ourselves, within these three miles," said Rob; "but I'll settle the matter as easily." And taking the paper from before his kinsman, he threw it in the fire.

Bailie Jarvie stared in his turn, but his kinsman continued:

"That's a Hieland settlement of accounts. The time may come, cousin, were I to keep a' these charges and discharges, that friends might be brought into trouble for having dealt with me."

WITH FOX AND HOUNDS

(From "Guy Mannering")

OUT they sallied accordingly, for Otterscope-scaurs, the farmer leading the way. They soon quitted the little valley, and involved themselves among hills as steep as they could be without being precipitous. The sides often presented gullies, down which, in the winter season, or after heavy rain, the torrents descended with great fury. Some dappled mists still floated along the peaks of the hills, the remains of the morning clouds, for the frost had broken up with a smart shower. Through these fleecy screens were seen a hundred little temporary streamlets or rills, descending the sides of the mountains like silver threads. By small sheep-tracks along these steeps, over which Dinmont trotted with the most fearless confidence, they at length drew near the scene of sport, and began to see other men, both on horse and foot, making toward the place of rendezvous. Brown was puzzling himself to conceive how a fox-chase could take place among hills where it was barely possible for a pony, accustomed to he ground, to trot along, but where, quitting the track for half a yard's breadth, the rider might be either bogged or precipitated down the bank. This wonder was not diminished when he came to the place of action.

They had gradually ascended very high, and now found themselves on a mountain ridge overhanging a glen of great depth, but extremely narrow. Here the sportsmen had collected, with an apparatus which would have shocked a member of the Pychely Hunt; for, the object being the removal of a noxious and destructive animal, as well as the pleasures of the chase, poor Reynard was allowed much less fair play than when pursued in form through an open country. The strength of his habitation, however, and the nature of the ground by which it was surrounded on all sides, supplied what was wanting in the courtesy of his pursuers. The sides of the glen were broken banks of earth and rocks of rotten stone, which sunk sheer down to the little winding stream below, affording here and there a tuft of scathed brushwood or a patch of furze. Along the edges of this ravine, which, as we have said, was very narrow, but of profound depth, the hunters on horse and foot ranged themselves. Almost every farmer had with him at least a brace of large and fierce greyhounds, of the race of those deer-dogs which were formerly used in that country, but greatly lessened in size from being crossed with the common breed. The huntsman, a sort of provincial officer of the district, who receives a certain supply of meal and a reward for every fox he destroys, was already at the bottom of the dell, whose echoes thundered to the chiding of two or three brace of foxhounds. Terriers, including the whole generation of Pepper and Mustard, were also in attendance, having been sent forward under the care of a shepherd. Mongrel, whelp, and cur of low degree, filled up the burden of the chorus. The spectators on the brink of the ravine, or glen, held their greyhounds in leash in readiness to slip them at the fox as soon as the activity of the party below should force him to abandon his cover.

The scene, uncouth to the eye of a professed sportsman, had something in it wildly captivating. The shifting figures on the mountain ridge, having the sky for their background, appeared to move in the air. ɪhe dogs, impatient of their restraint, and maddened with the baying beneath, sprung here and there, and strained at the slips which prevented them from joining their companions. Looking down, the view was equally striking. The thin mists were not totally dispersed in the glen, so that it was often through their gauzy medium that the eye strove to discover the motions of the hunters below. Sometimes a breath of wind made the scene visible, the blue rill glittering as it twined itself through its rude and solitary dell. They then could see the shepherds springing with fearless activity from one dangerous point to another, and cheering the dogs on the scent—the whole so diminished by depth and distance that they looked like pigmies. Again the mists close over them, and the only signs of their continued exertions are the halloos of the men, and the clamor of the hounds, ascending, as it were, out of the bowls of the earth. When the fox, thus persecuted from one stronghold to another, was at length obliged to abandon his valley, and to break away for a more distant retreat, those who watched his motions from the top slipped their greyhounds, which, excelling the fox in swiftness, and equalling him in ferocity and spirit, soon brought the plunderer to his life's end.

In this way, without any attenion to the ordinary rules and decorums of sport, but apparently as much to the gratification both of bipeds and quadrupeds as if all due ritual had been followed, four foxes were killed on this active morning; and even Brown himself, though he had seen the princely sports of India, and ridden a-tiger-hunting upon an elephant with the nabob of Arcot, professed to have received an excellent morning's amusement.

When the sport was given up for the day, most of the sportsmen, according to the established hospitality of the country, went to dine at Charlie's Hope.

During their return homeward, Brown rode for a short time beside the huntsman, and asked him some questions concerning the mode in which he exercised his profession. The man showed an unwillingness to meet his eye, and a disposition to be rid of his company and conversation, for which Brown could not easily account. He was a thin, dark, active fellow, well framed for the hardy profession which he exercised. But his face had not the frankness of the jolly hunter; he was down-looked, embarrassed, and avoided the eyes of those who looked hard at him. After some unimportant observations on the success of the day, Brown gave him a trifling gratuity, and rode on with his landlord. They found the gudewife prepared for their reception; the fold and the poultry-yard furnished the entertainment; and the kind and hearty welcome made amends for all deficiencies in elegance and fashion.

THE STORMING OF THE CASTLE

(From "Ivanhoe")

A MOMENT of peril is often also a moment of open-hearted kindness and affection. We are thrown off our guard by the general agitation of our feelings, and betray the intensity of those, which, at more tranquil periods, our prudence at least conceals, if it cannot altogether suppress them. In finding herself once more by the side of Ivanhoe, Rebecca was astonished at the keen sensation of pleasure which she experienced, even at a time when all around them both was danger, if not despair. As she felt his pulse, and inquired after his health, there was a softness in her touch and in her accents, implying a kinder interest than she would herself have been pleased to have voluntarily expressed. Her voice faltered and her hand trembled, and it was only the cold question of Ivanhoe, "Is it you, gentle maiden?" which recalled her to herself, and reminded her of the sensations which she felt were not, and could not be mutual. A sigh escaped, but it was scarce audible; and the questions which she asked the knight concerning his state of health were put in the tone of calm friendship. Ivanhoe answered her hastily that he was, in point of health, as well, and better than he could have expected—"Thanks," he said, "dear Rebecca, to thy helpful skill."

"He calls me *dear* Rebecca," said the maiden to herself, "but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse, his hunting-hound, are dearer to him than the despised Jewess."

"My mind, gentle maiden," continued Ivanhoe, "is more disturbed by anxiety than my body with pain. From the speeches of these men who were my warders just now, I learn that I am a prisoner, and, if I judge aright of the loud, hoarse voice which even now despatched them hence on some military duty, I am in the castle of Front-de-Bœuf. If so, how will this end? or how can I protect Rowena and my father?"

"He names not the Jew or Jewess," said Rebecca, internally; "yet what is our portion in him, and how justly am I punished by Heaven for letting my thoughts dwell upon him!" She hastened, after this brief self-accusation, to give Ivanhoe what information she could; but it amounted only to this, that the Templar Bois-Guilbert, and the Baron Front-de-Bœuf, were commanders within the castle; that it was beleagured from without, but by whom she knew not. She added, that there was a Christian priest within the castle who might be possessed of more information.

"A Christian priest!" said the knight, joyfully. "Fetch him hither, Rebecca, if thou canst—say a sick man desires his ghostly counsel—say what thou wilt, but bring him. Something I must do or attempt; but how can I determine until I know how matters stand without?"

Rebecca, in compliance with the wishes of Ivanhoe, made that attempt to bring Cedric into the wounded knight's chamber, which was defeated, as we have already seen, by the interference of Urfried, who had been also on the watch to intercept the supposed monk. Rebecca retired to communicate to Ivanhoe the result of her errand.

They had not much leisure to regret the failure of this source of intelligence, or to contrive by what means it might be supplied; for the noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations, which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamor. The heavy yet hasty step of the men-at-arms traversed the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various bartisans and points of defence. The voices of the knights were heard, animating their followers, or directing means of defence, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armor, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them, which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks; and there was a strong mixture of fear, and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half whispering to herself, half speaking to her companion, the sacred text,—"The quiver rattleth—the glittering spear and the shield—the noise of the captains and the shouting!"

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go—if I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance! It is in vain—it is in vain—I am alike nerveless and weaponless!"

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Rebecca, "the sounds have ceased of a sudden—it may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest naught of it," said Wilfred, impatiently: "this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack. What we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm: it will burst anon in all its fury. Could I but reach yonder window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight," replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, "I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without."

"You must not—you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "Each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers: some random shaft——"

"It shall be welcome!" murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps, which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "this is no maiden's pastime—do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me forever miserable for having given the occasion: at least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large, ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favorable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern-gate, through which Cedric had been recently dismissed by Front-de-Bœuf. The castle moat divided this species of barbican from the rest of the fortress, so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building, by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sallyport corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defence of this post, that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety; and from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed! Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armor, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess. "He alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield!"

"A fetterlock and shacklebolt azure," said Ivanhoe. "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca; "but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance—God of Zion protect us! What a dreadful sight! Those who advance first bear huge shields and defences made of plank: the others follow, bending their bows as they come on. They raise their bows! God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with deep and hollow clang of the rakers (a species of kettledrum), retorted in note of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying "Saint George for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with cries of "En avant, De Bracy!—Beau-seant!—Beau-seant!—Front-de-Bœuf à la rescousse!" according to the war-cries of their different commanders.

It was not, however, by clamor that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defence on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the long-bow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person, escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy discharge, which continued as thick and sharp as hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its individual aim, and flew by scores together against each embrasure and opening in the parapets, as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post, or might be suspected to be stationed—by this sustained discharge, two or three of the garrison were slain, and several others wounded. But, confident in their armor of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf and his allies showed an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their large cross-bows, as well as with their long-bows, slings, and other missile-weapons, to the close and continued shower of arrows; and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at their hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles, on both sides, was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath—look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "Does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" cried Rebecca; "I see him now; he heads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican.* They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back! Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders. I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

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* Every Gothic castle and city had, beyond the outer walls, a fortification composed of palisades, called the barriers, which were often the scene of severe skirmishes, as these must necessarily be carried before the walls themselves could be approached. Many of those valiant feats of arms which adorn the chivalrous pages of Froissart took place at the barriers of besieged places.

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring: "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again, there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen."

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness, "But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm—his sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow—the giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess. "His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty templar—their united force compels the champion to pause—they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca, "and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall: some plant ladders, so swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe: "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? Who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering: "the soldiers lie groveling under them like crushed reptiles—the besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight. "Do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle—stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!"

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern-gate shakes," continued Rebecca: "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won—O God! they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat. O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others, alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe. "Look forth yet again: this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca. "Our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered; and it affords them so good a shelter from the foeman's shot, that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them."

"Our friends," said Wilfred, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained. Oh, no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe hath rent heart of oak and bars of iron. Singular," he again muttered to himself, "if there be two who can do a deed of such *derring-do!**—a fetterlock and a shacklebolt on a field-sable—what may that mean? Seest thou naught else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"Nothing," said the Jewess: "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further—but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength: there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie him of the sin of bloodshed! It is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

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* *Derring-do*—desperate courage.

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a hero: surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat. Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant emprize; since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honor of my house—I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas!" said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this impatient yearning after action—this struggling with and repining at your present weakness, will not fail to injure your returning health. How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Rebecca," he replied, "thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are acting deeds of honor around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live—the dust of the *mêlée* is the breath of our nostrils! We live not, we wish not to live, longer than while we are victorious and renowned—such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear."

"Alas!" said the fair Jewess, "and what is it, valiant knight, save an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vain-glory, and a passing through the fire to Moloch? What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled—of all the travail and pain you have endured—of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man's spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?"

"What remains?" cried Ivanhoe. "Glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulcher and embalms our name."

"Glory?" continued Rebecca. "Alas! is the rusted nail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion's dim and mouldering tomb—is the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the inquiring pilgrim—are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable? Or is there such virtue in the rude rhymes of a wandering bard, that domestic love, kindly affection, peace and happiness, are so wildly bartered to become the hero of those ballads which vagabond minstrels sing to drunken churls over their evening ale?"

"By the soul of Hereward!" replied the knight impatiently, "thou speakest, maiden, of thou knowest not what. Thou wouldst quench the pure light of chivalry, which alone distinguishes the noble from the base, the gentle knight from the churl and the savage; which rates our life far, far beneath the pitch of our honor; raises us victorious over pain, toil and suffering, and teaches us to fear no evil but disgrace. Thou art no Christian, Rebecca; and to thee are unknown those high feelings which swell the bosom of a noble maiden when her lover hath done some deed of emprize which sanctions his flame. Chivalry! why, maiden, she is the nurse of pure and high affection—the stay of the oppressed, the redresser of grievances, the curb of the power of the tyrant. Nobility were but an empty name without her, and liberty finds the best protection in her lance and her sword."

"I am, indeed," said Rebecca, "sprung from a race whose courage was distinguished in the defence of their own land, but who warred not, even while yet a nation, save at the command of the Deity, or in defending their country from oppression. The sound of the trumpet wakes Judah no longer, and her despised children are now but the unresisting victims of hostile and military oppression. Well hast thou spoken, sir knight. Until the God of Jacob shall raise up for his chosen people a second Gideon, or a new Maccabeus, it ill beseemeth the Jewish damsel to speak of battle or of war."

The high-minded maiden concluded the argument in a tone of sorrow, which deeply expressed her sense of the degradation of her people, embittered perhaps by the idea that Ivanhoe considered her as one not entitled to interfere in a case of honor, and incapable of entertaining or expressing sentiments of honor and generosity.

"How little he knows this bosom," she said, "to imagine that cowardice or meanness of soul must needs be its guests, because I have censured the fantastic chivalry of the Nazarenes! Would to Heaven that the shedding of mine own blood, drop by drop, could redeem the captivity of Judah! Nay, would to God it could avail to set free my father, and this his benefactor, from the chains of the oppressor! The proud Christian should then see whether the daughter of God's chosen people dared not to die as bravely as the vainest Nazarene maiden that boasts her descent from some petty chieftain of the rude and frozen north!"

CADYOW CASTLE

When princely Hamilton's abode
  Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flowed,
  And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then, thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
  So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
  As mirth and music cheered the hall.

But Cadyow's towers, in ruins laid,
  And vaults by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
  Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still of Cadyow's faded fame
  You bid me tell a minstrel tale,
And tune my harp of Border frame
  On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
  From pleasure's lighter scenes canst turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside,
  And mark the long-forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid! at thy command
  Again the crumbled halls shall rise,
Lo! as on Evan's banks we stand,
  The past returns, the present flies.

Where, with the rock's wood-covered side,
  Were blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,
  And feudal banners flaunt between.

Where the rude torrent's brawling course
  Was shagged with thorn and tangling sloe,
The ashlar buttress braves its force,
  And ramparts frown in battled row.

The night—the shade of keep and spire,
  Obscurely dance on Evan's stream,
And on the wave the warder's fire
  Is chequering the moonlight beam.

Fades slow their light; the east is gray;
  The weary warder leaves his tower;
Steeds snort; uncoupled staghounds bay;
  And merry hunters quit the bower.

The drawbridge falls—they hurry out—
  Clatters each plank and swinging chain,
As, dashing o'er, the jovial rout
  Urge the shy steed and slack the rein.

First of his troop the chief rode on:
  His shouting merry men throng behind.
The steed of princely Hamilton
  Was fleeter than the mountain wind.

From the thick copse the roebucks bound,
  The startling red deer scuds the plain;
For the hoarse bugle's warrior sound
  Has roused their mountain haunts again.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale
  Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
What sullen roar comes down the gale?
  And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase
  That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
  The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.

Fierce on the hunter's quivered band
  He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
Spurns with black hoof and horn the sand,
  And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aimed well, the chieftain's lance has flown;
  Struggling in blood the savage lies;
His roar is sunk in hollow groan—
  Sound, merry huntsman! sound the *pryse!* *

'Tis noon—against the knotted oak
  The hunters rest the idle spear;
Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
  Where yeoman dight the woodland cheer.

Proudly the chieftain marked his clan,
  On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
Yet missed his eye the boldest man
  That bore the name of Hamilton.

Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
  Still wont our weal and woe to share?
Why comes he not our sport to grace?
  Why shares he not our hunter's fare ?"

Stern Claud replied with darkening face
  (Gray Paisley's haughty lord was he),
"At merry feast or buxom chase
  No more the warrior wilt thou see.

"Few suns have set since Woodhouslee
  Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
When to his hearts, in social glee,
  The war-worn soldier turned him home.

"There, wan from her maternal throes,
  His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,
  And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

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* The note blown at the death of the game.

"O change accursed! past are those days.
  False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,
  Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

"What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
  Where mountain Eske through woodland flows?
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
  Or, is it she, the pallid rose?

"The wildered traveler sees her glide,
  And hears her feeble voice with awe—
'Revenge,' she cries 'on Murray's pride!
  And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!'"

He ceased, and cries of rage and grief
  Burst mingling from the kindred band;
And half arose the kindling chief,
  And half unsheathed his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream and rock,
  Rides headlong with resistless speed?
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
  Drives to the leap his jaded steed?

Whose cheek is pale, whose eyeballs glare,
  As one some visioned sight that saw?
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?
  "'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwellhaugh!"

From gory selle * and reeling steed
  Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
And reeking from the recent deed,
  He dashed his carbine to the ground.

Sternly he spoke,—"'Tis sweet to hear,
  In good greenwood, the bugle blown;
But sweeter to Revenge's ear
  To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

---

* Saddle.

"Your slaughtered quarry proudly trod,
At dawning morn, o'er dale and down;
But prouder base-born Murray rode
Through old Linlithgow's crowded town.

"From the wild Border's humbled side
In haughty triumph marchèd he,
While Knox relaxed his bigot pride,
And smiled the traitorous pomp to see.

"But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of Despair?

"With hackbut tent, my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
And marked where, mingling in his band,
Trooped Scottish pikes and English bows.

"Dark Marton, girt with many a spear,
Murder's foul minion, led the van;
The wild Macfarlane's plaided clan,
And clashed their broadswords in the rear.

"Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,
Obsequious at their regent's rein,
And hagard Lindsay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

"'Mid pennoned spears, a steely grove,
Proud Murray's plumage floated high;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.

"From the raised visor's shade, his eye,
Dark rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seemed marshaling the iron throng.

"But yet his saddened brow confessed
 A passing shade of doubt and awe.
Some fiend was whispering in his breast,
 'Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!'

"The death-shot parts—the charger springs—
 Wild rises tumult's startling roar!
And Murray's plumy helmet rings—
 Rings on the ground to rise no more.

"What joy the raptured youth can feel
 To hear her love the loved one tell!
Or he, who broaches on his steel
 The wolf by whom his infant fell!

"But dearer to my injured eye
 To see in dust proud Murray roll;
And mine was ten times trebled joy
 To hear him groan his felon soul.

"My Margaret's specter glided near;
 With pride her blushing victim saw;
And shrieked in his death-deafened ear,
 'Remember injured Bothwellhaugh!'

"Then speed thee, noble Chatlerault;
 Spread to the wind thy bannered tree!
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow!
 Murray is fallen and Scotland free!"

Vaults every warrior to his steed;
 Loud bugles join their wild acclaim,—
"Murray is fallen and Scotland freed!
 Couch, Arran! couch thy spear of flame."

But see! the minstrel vision fails—
 The glimmering spears are seen no more,
The shouts of war die on the gales,
 Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle, pealing high,
  The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
  The bannered towers of Evandale.

For chiefs, intent on bloody deed,
  And Vengeance, shouting o'er the slain,
Lo! high-born beauty rules the steed,
  Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own
  The maids who list the minstrel's tale;
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known
  On the fairy banks of Evandale!

WAR-SONG OF THE ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS

TO horse! to horse! the standard flies,
  The bugles sound the call.
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze.
  Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
  A band of brothers true;
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crowned;
  We boast the red and blue.

Though tamely couch to Gallia's frown
  Dull Holland's tardy train;
Their ravished toys though Romans mourn;
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
  And, foaming, gnaw the chain,—

Oh! had they marked the avenging call
  Their brethren's murder gave,
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valor, desperate grown,
  Sought freedom in the grave!

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
  In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
  Or brook a victor's scorn?

No! though destruction o'er the land
  Come pouring as a flood,
The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabers' deadly sway,
  And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
  Or plunder's bloody gain:
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw
To guard our king, to fence our law,
  Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
  Shall fan the tricolor,
Or footsteps of invader rude,
With rapine foul and red with blood,
  Pollute our happy shore,—

Then, farewell, home! and farewell, friends!
  Adieu each tender tie!
Resolved, we mingle in the tide
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
  To conquer or to die.

To horse! to horse! The sabers gleam;
  High sounds our bugle-call;
Combined by honor's sacred tie,
Our word is "*Law and Liberty!*"
  March forward, one and all.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR

(Lady Heron' Song in "Marmion")

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west.
  Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapon had none.
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone!
So faithful in love, so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like young Lochinvar!

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Esk River where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented. The gallant came late;
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall
'Mong bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all!
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,—
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,—
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lochinvar."

"I long wooed your daughter; my suit you denied;
Love swells like the solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There be maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar".

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar.
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, so lovely his face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace!
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar!"

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near.
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung!
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur.
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan.
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran.

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea;
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

THE BONNETS OF BONNIE DUNDEE

TO the lords of convention 'twas Claverhouse who spoke,
"Ere the king's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
So let each cavalier who loves honor and me
Come follow the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!"
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
The gude toun is well quit of that de'il of Dundee!"
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

As he rode doun the sanctified bends of the Bow
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;

But the young plants of grace they look'd cowthie
and slee,
Thinking, Luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie
Dundee!"
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your
men;
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie
Dundee!

With sour-featured Whigs the Grass-market was
thrang'd
As if half the west had set tryst to be hang'd;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each
ee,
As they watch'd for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your
men;
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie
Dundee!

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had
spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway
was free
At the toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your
men;
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie
Dundee!

He spurr'd to the foot of the proud castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

"There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth;
If there's lords in the Lowland, there's chiefs in the north;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three
Will cry 'Hoigh!' for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open your doors and let us gae free,
For its up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

"There's brass on the target of barken'd bull-hide,
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;

The brass shall be burnish'd, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

" Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks;
Ere I own an usurper I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me."
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the Westport and let us gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lea
Died away the wild war-notes of bonnie Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open your doors and let us gae free,
For its up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

William Shakespeare, born at Stratford-upon-Avon, Eng., 1564; died 1616. By common consent this dramatic poet enjoys the highest renown in literature. His active life he spent in London, where he had part proprietorship in a theater. To meet the demands of his business he produced the plays which bear his name. In these are exhibited the greatest qualities of thought and expression, such as can be found nowhere else in so diversified a manner. To give a list, or a partial list, of his dramas would be superfluous. Tradition says that Shakespeare also took minor rôles as an actor, especially that of the ghost in Hamlet.

SHYLOCK AND ANTONIO

(From "Merchant of Venice")

Bassanio. This is Signior Antonio.
Shylock (*aside*). How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him! . . .

Antonio. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. . . .
Shy. Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
Ant. I do never use it.
Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep. . . .
Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?
Shy. No, not take interest, not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did. . . .
This was the way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not. . . . .
Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek—
A goodly apple rotten at the heart. . .
Shy. Signior Antonio, many time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my money and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys:" you say so;
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or

Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this: "Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday
last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You called me—dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?"
Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee, too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy.
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.
Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.
Bass. This were kindness.
Shy. This kindness will I show
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
Ant. Content in faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me.
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months—that's a month before
This bond expires—I do expect return

Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this:
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say
To buy his favor, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu:
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not,
Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him directions for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you.
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew,
This Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

DIRGE FOR IMOGEN

(From "Cymbeline")

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
  Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
  Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

PRAISE OF ROSALIND

(From "As You Like It")

WHY should this desert silent be?
  For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree
  That shall civil saying show:
Some, how brief the life of man
  Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
  Buckles in his sum of age;
Some of violated vows
  'Twixt the souls of friend and friend.
But upon the fairest boughs,
  Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
  Teaching all that read to know
The quintessance of every sprite
  Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
  That one body should be filled
With all graces wide enlarged:
  Nature presently distilled

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
  Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
  Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
  By heavenly synod was devised,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts
  To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have.

MACBETH SURROUNDED

(From "Macbeth")

Macbeth. Hang out our banners on the outward walls,
The cry is still, "They come!" Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.—What is that noise?
Seyton. It is the cry of woman, my good lord.
[*A cry within of women.*] [*Exit.*
Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in it. I have supped full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. [*Re-enter* SEYTON.
Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to-day

To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. [*Enter a* Messenger.
Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story, quickly!
Mess. Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Macb. Well, say sir.
Mess. As I stand my watch upon the hill
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar and slave! [*Striking him.*
Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee. If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane:" and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate of the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum bell! Blow wind! come wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

(From "Henry VIII.")

Griffith. About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.
Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him.
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that, by suggestion,
Tied all the kingdom; simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law; i' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning; he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill-example.
Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness,
To hear me speak his good now?
Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.
Grif. The Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much honor from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
But to those that sought him sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,

He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinished yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;
For then—and not till then—he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little.
And, to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.
Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honor from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thous hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honor. Peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower;
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

ANNE PAGE, SLENDER AND SHALLOW

(From "The Merry Wives of Windsor")

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometimes may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence; three venneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir: I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favored rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la! [*Exeunt.*

The contrast between Fenton's wooing and Slender's floundering attempts is comically revealed in the following scene. Fenton and Anne are together:—

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.
Anne. Alas, how then?
Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.
Anne. May be he tells you true.
Fent. No, Heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.
Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why, then—hark you hither!
[*They converse apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. [*Aside*] This is my father's
choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favor'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year.

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray a word with you.

Shal. She's coming: to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and longtail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender—

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne—

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will! 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page *and* Mistress Page.

Page. Now, Master Slender: love him, daughter Anne.
Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.
[*Exeunt Page, Shal. and Slen.*

Fenton's appeal to the mother is equally unsuccessful; but the lovers triumph at length. To frighten and torment Falstaff for his attentions to Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, it is arranged to beguile the knight to the oak of Herne the Hunter in the forest, where all the conspirators will appear in the disguise of fairies and goblins, and play such pranks upon him as will make him glad to escape alive. On the occasion of this frolic Mistress Page has arranged that Anne is to be dressed in green, and to elope with Dr. Caius; Page has arranged that Anne is to be dressed in white, and is to escape with Slender to Eton, where they are to be married. Caius and Slender respectively carry out their parts of the program, but when in the church each discovers that the companion of his flight is a great lubberly boy. Slender cries:—

I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he would have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a postmaster's boy!

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that! I think so, when I took a boy for a girl.

Dr. Caius is quite as wrathful; and the truth is soon revealed by the appearance of Fenton and Anne as man and wife. Whilst Slender and Caius had been away on their fool's errand, the lovers had been quietly married. Whereupon mother and father philosophically submit to the superior wit of the young folk, and are satisfied that

" In love the Heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate."

THE BALCONY SCENE

(From " Romeo and Juliet ")

Scene: Capulet's Garden.
Enter Romeo.

Romeo. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.
[Juliet *appears above, at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it: cast it off.—
It is my lady; O, it is my love:
O, that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing: What of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand,
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
JULIET. *Ah me!*
ROMEO. She speaks:—
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.
JULET. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
ROMEO. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*
JULIET. 'T is but thy name, that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

ROMEO. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET. What man art thou, that thus, bescreened in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JULIET. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROMEO. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

JULIET. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROMEO. With love's light wings did I o'erperch the walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt.
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

JULIET. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,

Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Juliet. I would not for the world they saw thee here:
Romeo. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
Juliet. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Romeo. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
Juliet. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek.
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet if thou swear'st,
Thou mayest prove false; at lover's perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light;
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware.
My true love's passion; therefore, pardon me;

And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.
Romeo. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—
Juliet. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Romeo. What shall I swear by?
Juliet. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Romeo. If my heart's dear love—
Juliet. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contráct to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!
Romeo. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Juliet. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Romeo. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Juliet. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Romeo. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
Juliet. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite.
[*Nurse calls within.*
I hear some noise within: Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*
ROMEO. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

MARK ANTONY'S SPEECH

(From "Julius Cæsar")

ANTONY. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men);
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 't is his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs,
For if you should, O, what would come of it!
Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'er shot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honorable men,
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar: I do fear it.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed:
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend: and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
    mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

ORLANDO AND ADAM

(From "As You Like It")

Scene.—Before OLIVER'S *House.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

ORLANDO. Who's there?

ADAM. What, my young master?—O my gentle master!
O, my sweet master! O, you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous duke?

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orlando. Why, what is the matter?

Adam. O, unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors: beneath this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son—I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father,)—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orlando. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orlando. What! wouldst thou have me go and beg my food,
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do,
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted, proud, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold:
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you:
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

ORLANDO. O, good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant favor of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways: we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

ADAM. Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years, till now almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

SOLILOQUY OF RICHARD

(From "Richard II.")

WHAT must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
My scepter for a palmer's walking staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little grave, an obscure grave:
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live,
And, buried once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st; my tender-hearted cousin!—
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land:
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus;—to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—"there lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes."
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

(From "Hamlet")

TO be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die—to sleep—
No more;—and by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered.

PORTIA'S SPEECH

(From "The Merchant of Venice")

PORTIA. The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above his sceptered sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy season's justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke this much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

FALSTAFF AND THE PRINCE

SCENE. *London. An Apartment of the Prince's.*
Enter the PRINCE OF WALES *and* FALSTAFF.

FALSTAFF. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons. . . . I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he "that wandering knight so fair." And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace,—majesty, I should say, for grace thou wilt have none——

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holds well, too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing, "Lay by," and spent with crying, "Bring in;" now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? What, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No. I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—but, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king! and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic, the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge!

Prince. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humor as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

Prince. Or an old lion or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavory similes, and art indeed the most comparative rascalliest,—sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought! An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely: but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street, too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. Oh, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain! I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee,—from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.

[This conversation is followed by the laying of a plan to rob some travelers, which is succeeded by a plot in which the Prince and Poins (one of his associates) agree to rob Falstaff and his gang of the prize they have taken from the travelers. This scheme succeeds admirably, Falstaff showing much cowardice. We take up our characters again at the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap, whither the Prince and Poins have retired from the scene of robbery.]

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO; FRANCIS *following with wine.*

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance, too! marry and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant?

[*He drinks.*

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter—pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack, too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villanous coward!—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old; God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How, now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that,—and Poins, there?

Poins. Zounds, ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, I'll stab thee!

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back; call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue if I drank to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pounds this morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! Taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a handsaw,—*ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! —Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gadshill. We four set upon some dozen——

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us——

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me——

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of——

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken——

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me: for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch,——

Fal. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,——

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish.—Oh, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,——

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark, now, how plain a tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life,—I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good-fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Prince. Here comes lean Jack, here comes barebone.—How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad: here was Sir Jahn Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. . . . Thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content; this chair shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

Hostess. This is excellent sport, i' faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain

Hostess. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen; for tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hostess. O rare, he does it as like one of these harlotry players as I ever see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied; for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lieth the point: why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed son of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries?—a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses?—a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r Lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king ? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand.—Judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false;—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned! If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

(From "As You Like It")

BLOW, Blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly!

LIKE AS THE WAVES MAKE TOWARD THE PEBBLED SHORE

LIKE as the waves make toward the pebbled shore
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forward do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of Nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

NO LONGER MOURN FOR ME WHEN I AM DEAD

NO longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Then you shall hear the surly, sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it, for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
Oh, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

SHALL I COMPARE THEE TO A SUMMER'S DAY

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate;
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or Nature's changing course, untrimm'd.
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest,
Nor shall death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

SWEET-AND-TWENTY

O, MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming?
Oh, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no farther, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-Twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

ARIEL'S SONGS

(From "The Tempest")

I

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,—
The wild waves whist,—
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
Bow, wow.
The watch-dogs bark—
Bow, wow.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry Cock-a-diddle-dow.

II

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them—ding, dong, bell!

III

Where the bee sucks there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK!

(From "Cymbeline")

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH

(From "The Passionate Pilgrim")

CRABBED age and youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summermorn.
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
Oh, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee;
O sweet shepherd! hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

IAGO'S SOLDIER-SONGS

(From " Othello ")

AND let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span:
Why then let a soldier drink.

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all to dear,
With all that he called the tailor-lown.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'T is pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.